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AUTOGRAPHS.

WE have no intention to usurp the functions of Mr. Carstairs, or to lecture our readers on the improvement of their penmanship. Our typographer laughs bitterly at the notion while he prints the words! We make as little pretension in theory as in practice to any especial calligraphy; and this not from Hamlet's notion,—who

'Once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair,'—

but from a slight flaw either of nature or instruction,—which one spot is a happy foil to our otherwise immaculate perfection. With questions as to the clerical beauty of handwriting, we have now nothing to do; and marry, there are reasons for all things. We wish rather to discourse on the transcendent, and, as it were, Sibylline art of judging the character by the penmanship. We remember that in our days of youthful and enterprising vanity, we studied the art of palmistry, partly, indeed, from some lurking impulse of credulity, but chiefly moved by the consideration of the soft white little palms which would in consequence of our skill be unresistingly yielded to a deliberate scrutiny. Forty years have since elapsed, and we fear that we should be no more excited than a first-rate physician, by feeling the most delicate fingers in the world tremble in our grasp, and seeing through our spectacles the thin blue veins quiver, while our eyes should read the destiny of the heart that shook them. Alas! we travel between youth and age,—a road which has seldom been understood by means of maps or guide-books; and they, perhaps, are most enviable who are not doomed to learn its windings by experience.

Chiromancy, however, and the other fantasies of exuberant boyhood, have long been laid aside for graver and more appropriate studies. Among these is the art of discovering the character from the handwriting.

How often in dreams do we fancy that waking existence is a dream! None are so prone to accuse others of being visionary as those who never do any thing but see visions. A touch of genuine and consistent thought is at variance with their own state of mind; and the madmen asseverate that their keepers and physicians are insane. The sooty-faced Narcissus exclaims, that the fountain is black; because its pure brightness faithfully reflects the sable of his own features. And thus it is, that if we apply any principle, however generally admitted, to a case which it is not commonly seen to influence, we are accused of fancy, and folly, and paradox. Every one either openly asserts, or unconsciously takes for granted, that nothing exists without a cause; and we are generally informed that it is the business of investigation to discover causes and their modes of action. There are, however, a dozen of examples at hand of matters which, if we attempt to study in this way, we are at once warned off by the conservators of common-sense, and denounced by the oracles of society. Among these subjects, the one with which we have at present to deal is that of *handwriting*.

It is absurd, as it seems to us, to imagine that any exertion of intelligence can want the impress of the mind from which it proceeds. Writing is one of the very commonest of our actions, and it connects itself immediately with all our thoughts and feelings; and if chance be, as is most certain,

'the unaccountable name of nothing,' above all, must it seem absurd that the most habitual operation of the civilised mind should be subjected to no law, and empty of all meaning. There are accordingly persons who have endeavoured to trace out and describe the relation between the written and the living characters; and though we shall not borrow very much from their writings, we trust that their example will be held as some justification of our attempt.

We have before us a considerable number of autographs, and on a few of these we propose to make some brief observations.

Here is a long letter of VOLTAIRE. How regular, how clear, how careful, with how few marks of individuality of character! Here is scarcely a trace of imagination or of feeling; no hurrying earnestness, scarcely a single letter completely and roundly formed, and a sort of contemptuous dash or pig-tail at the end of many of his words, full of scorn and impertinence.

HEYNE is in his writing exactly what he was in reality: firm, upright, formal, with some angularity, and a good deal of eccentricity. Every word looks as if, in inditing it, he had overcome no less difficulties than those which beset his life.

The next letter is MADAME DE STAEL'S. The writing is hasty and irregular; and its imperfection seems as if it proceeded from eagerness and carelessness, rather than from inability to exhibit her mind, or the want of any to exhibit. There is throughout the penmanship a singular mixture of weakness and strength; and he must be a novice in *billet-doux* who does not perceive, at a glance, the warmth, boldness, and decision of her mind.

Then we find a letter of FRANKLIN to M. Nogaret, which we will transcribe:

'Passy, April 9, 1781.

'SIR,—I received duly the elegant present of your poetical works. I thank you much for the pleasure I have had in perusing them. I should have made this acknowledgment sooner, but intending to request your acceptance of my Opuscula in return, I have been retarded by the bookbinder, who has not yet dressed them decently enough to appear at Court. With great regard, I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'B. FRANKLIN.'

This was written by Franklin in his 75th year. The hand is of a mercantile character, and as flowing, clerk-like, and complete as possible. All is regular and formal; and there are in his dashes, flourishes, and spaces, abundant tokens of that personal vanity wherein Franklin was by no means deficient.

A long letter of CHRISTINA of SWEDEN exhibits a very characteristic penmanship. The lines are crooked and irregular, and full of the marks of haste; the letters large, dashing, angular, imperfect, and ill-connected. The writing must strike every one as indicative of pretension, vanity, carelessness, and passion, and very meagre in feeling.

Here are a few lines from the pen of the YOUNG PARTENDER, as weak and full of failure as his life.

Next, we have a letter of ROBESPIERRE, fellow townsman of Vidocq, (both were born at Arras,) and a more celebrated rascal than he. In this writing we see but little attention to details, and yet no openness or grandeur in the forms. Yet the execution is freer and better than the conception. There is no elegance any where, nothing like a flourish except at his own name. It would seem that he had no pleasure in beauty

or ornament not connected directly with his own importance. Nothing can be conceived more opposite to boldness and exuberance of mind; and though the letter is very short, and not a public one, it contains several corrections of words, which indicate a certain study of effect. One fancies the writing to be full of cunning and meanness.

The next is a note of MARMONTEL'S, written when he was sixty-eight. It shows great attention to detail, and extreme clearness. There is a good deal of feebleness in the elemental forms of the penmanship. But the aspect of the whole is agreeable, even, and gentlemanly.

A few lines by CALVIN are as bold, energetic, and decided as possible. Many of the letters are ill-conceived, but they are executed (like Servetus) with the utmost determination and vigour. It seems as if he had thought of nothing but going right on to the end of his design, and stamping his name on it when completed; and the effect, though abundantly strong, is rough and hurried. There is no ornament whatever.

The following letter of CARNOT'S is curious, and little known in England, and we, therefore, transcribe it. Of the handwriting we have nothing to say. The letter was addressed to Napoleon in January, 1814.

'SIR,—Aussi long-temps que le succès a couronné vos entreprises, je me suis abstenue d'offrir à votre Majesté des services que je n'ai pas cru lui être agréable. Aujourd'hui, Sir, que la mauvaise fortune met votre constance à une grande épreuve, je ne balance plus à vous faire l'offre des faibles moyens qui me restent. C'est peu de chose sans 'doute' que l'effort d'un vrai sexagénaire, mais j'ai pensé que l'exemple d'un ancien soldat, dont les sentimens patriotiques sont connus, pourroit rallier à vos aigles beaucoup de gens incertains sur le parti qu'ils doivent prendre; qui pourroient se laisser persuader que ce seroit servir leur pays que de les abandonner.

'Il est encore temps pour vous, Sir, de conquérir une paix glorieuse, et de faire que l'amour d'un grand peuple vous soit rendu.'

'CARNOT.'

We have before us a few lines by RAPHAEL, which are as peculiar and as beautiful in point of penmanship as could be expected from him. It is round, bold, clear, and graceful; and a feeling of the beautiful seems to have been present to him in the formation of every letter.

Next is a letter of SIR WALTER SCOTT, of which the handwriting is chiefly remarkable for its manly and unpretending character. It bears the impress in every letter of a strong and well-developed character.

A long letter from QUEEN ELIZABETH to Henry IV. of France, is as slight and complex in penmanship as she was in mind. It displays considerable energy and great eagerness of character; but much also of uncertainty, confusion, inconsistency, and ostentation.

We then find a MS. of FENELON,—the first page of 'Telemaque.' Most of our readers must recollect with horror those weary words, 'Calypso ne pouvoit se consoler du départ d'Ulysse.' How often have they put us in need of consolation! How often have we thumbed them; how often, alas! drenched them with our sorrows! We can scarcely see them even in the handwriting of Fenelon without a feeling of detestation. The writing, however, is fair and pleasant. Rather feeble, indeed, and meagre, but clear, regular, and elegant.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knt., with a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes. By William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. 8vo., pp. 329. Talboys. Oxford, 1829. [Unpublished.]

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is one of those delightful writers of the olden time, who, as Lord Bacon beautifully remarks, 'are as the stars which give little light because they are so high.' Few, indeed, read, and still fewer study, the works which it has lately become the fashion to laud with praises no less indiscriminate than the neglect and contempt with which they were visited by the smooth, pithless sentence-mongers of the last century. No body who pretends to literature is unacquainted with the name of Sir Philip Sidney, a name which sounds of chivalry and all that is noble, elegant, and romantically pastoral; but how many of those who pretend to talk about this splendid mirror of English knighthood, this youthful hero of lofty bearing—accomplished as a gentleman, erudite as a scholar, endowed with the glowing spirit of poetic genius, and all under the control of high-toned principle and pure morality; how many, we ask, of those flimsy pretenders, those mere butterflies of modern literature, have ever read a line of the 'Defense of Poesie,' or 'The Arcadia'? Every schoolboy can relate the anecdote of Sidney's almost unparalleled self-denial, upon being mortally wounded in the battle of Zutphen, when he gave away, untasted, to a poor soldier who was dying beside him, all the wine which his attendants had procured for him with great difficulty. But the literary works of this flower of English chivalry are seldom to be met with, except in the study of some kindred spirit, or on the shelves of some antiquated library. It was a shrewd remark of Voltaire, that the fame of Dante was increasing, and would increase, in proportion as his works were less read; and so it has been, there can be little question, with the works of such authors as Sir Philip Sidney. But we are not disposed, in this particular instance, to impute the neglect so much to the actual character of the works themselves, as to the form in which only they could hitherto be procured. The latest edition of the 'Defense of Poesie' was published by White, in quarto, and 'The Arcadia' has always been printed in folio or quarto. Now, though certain species of new works, such as Parry's *Polar Voyages*, or a Poem of Robert Montgomery's, may appear, by means of broad leadings, and broader margins, sufficiently light to be exhibited upon a fashionable drawing-room table, or to set off the cases of a fashionable library, 'The Arcadia,' or the 'Defense of Poesie,' in quarto, space them out with leadings and margins as you will, can never be brought within the flickering atmosphere of what is denominated light reading. The air of antiquity in the very titles, speaks so unequivocally of sound sense or quaint sentiment, profound remark or fairy pastoralizings, that the skimmer of a fashionable poem, or the devourer of the last new novel, will be repelled, rather than attracted, by the very excellencies which, in the simplicity of our hearts, we might probably imagine would command the unqualified admiration of all.

Such being the state of literary feeling, at least in the more numerous circles of society, we confess that we owe not a little, as admirers of Sir Philip Sidney, to the editor of the pretty volume now before us, which, in form, is as light and fashionable as could be wished; while it contains (besides a well-written memoir of Sidney by Mr. Gray) the chief of his best works, and a considerable number of his hitherto unpublished letters. Of these we shall now proceed to give a brief account.

The life of a man so public as Sir Philip Sidney was in his day, and whose memory is interwoven so imperishably with our history, does not require

us to gather from the memoir before us a dry abstract of dates, a mere chronicle of year by year. Presuming that our readers are, or ought to be, acquainted with the outlines of the life of one of the most remarkable men of which our country can boast, we shall merely advert to a few of the incidents which Mr. Gray has treated with novelty, and, we may add, with taste, learning, and ingenuity.

Sir Philip Sidney was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who, besides other lady-like accomplishments, was distinguished for 'extraordinary handsomeness;' yet Mr. Gray is of opinion that she never acquired more than the respect of her husband, whose affections had been pre-engaged by Lady Penelope Devereux; but the match had been broken off by some family disagreement. She was afterwards married to Robert Lord Rich, but Sir Philip Sidney commemorated his love for her under the feigned names, — Philoclea in 'The Arcadia,' and Stella in the poems of Atrophel.

'For the mode,' says Mr. Gray, 'in which he has acquitted himself of his task in this latter instance, as far as moral feeling and propriety are concerned, Sidney has incurred the indignation and severe censure of Mr. Godwin, who, while he maintains that the series of songs and sonnets embodies "some of the finest examples in this species of composition that the world can produce," cannot tolerate the "making a public exhibition of such addresses to a married female, speaking contemptuously of the husband, and employing all the arts of poetical seduction to contaminate the mind of the woman he adores." Mr. Godwin refers particularly to the fifty-second sonnet, and to the second and tenth songs, for the most flagrant specimens of the "grossness and carnality which he considers himself bound to reprehend." These stanzas we have read over again and again; and, though we imagine we may arrogate to ourselves as acute moral perceptions as belong to the apologist of Mary Wolstonecraft, we cannot perceive any of that shocking sensuality against which his virtuous fervour has been aroused and directed. No criminal intercourse was ever imputed to the parties, neither did their conduct or flirtations excite any sentiments of reproof in the age when they occurred. Nay, Sir Philip himself declares, that he "cannot brag of word, much less of deed," by which his charmer could be construed to have encouraged his flame; and the unhappy course of their loves, and the notoriously brutal character of Lord Rich, may be received as some excuse, if not as a perfect justification, of the passionate, yet rarely indecorous, regard which Sidney continued to express in his verses for the object of his earliest and most vehement attachment.'

'But, though we cannot admit, for a moment, that the poetry of Sidney is debased by the vile alloy of licentiousness and pruriency, we are not blind to many other vices with which it may most justly be charged. Our author was styled by Raleigh the English Petrarch; and, without doubt, he derived many of his faults, as well as excellencies, from the bard of Arezzo, whom he frequently imitated, both in his manner and in the exaggerated turn of expression. It was from this foreign prototype that he was probably smitten with the love of antithesis and conceit, and the other absurdities in which our best writers of sonnets then abounded.'—P. 43.

Could we have spared room, we should have inserted all the pieces objected to by Godwin, to show the justice of Mr. Gray's defensive remarks; but we must rest contented with one which we give entire.

'The Second Song.

'Have I caught my heavenly jewel
Teaching sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her, that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruel.

'Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,
The two only darts of love,
Now will I, with that boy, prove
Some play, while he is disarmed.

'Her tongue, waking, still refuseth
Giving frankly, niggard no.
Now will I attempt to know,
What no her tongue, sleeping, useth.

'See the hand which, waking, guardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort.
Now will I invade the fort,
Towards Love with loss rewardeth!

'But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain;
Now will I, alas! refrain:
Love fears nothing else but anger.

'Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss,—
Now will I but venture this,—
Who will read, must first learn spelling.

'Oh! sweet kiss! but ah! she's waking;
Low'ring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.'

In a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, which attracted the deepest attention, not only over England, but in every court in Europe, Sir Philip Sidney exhibited, in the most spirited manner, his sense of his own dignity, and vindicated the rights and independence of an English commoner. As the story is remarkable, on more accounts than one, we shall give it as it has been taken by Mr. Gray from the scarce and curious volume of Lord Brooke:

'Sidney being one day at tennis, a peer of this realm, born great, greater by alliance, and superlative in the prince's favour, abruptly came into the tennis-court, and, speaking out of these three paramount authorities, he forgot to entreat that which he could not legally command. When, by the encounter of a steady object, finding unrespectiveness in himself, (though a great lord) not respected by this princely spirit, he grew to expostulate more roughly. The returns of which style coming still from an understanding heart, that knew what was to due to itself and what it owed others, seemed (through the mist of my lord's passions, swollen with the wind of his faction, then reigning) to provoke in yielding. Whereby the less amazement or confusion of thoughts he stirred up in Sir Philip, the mere shadows this great lord's own mind was possessed with; till at last with rage (which is ever ill-disciplined) he commands them to depart the court. To this, Sir Philip temperately answers, that if his lordship had been pleased to express desire in milder characters, perchance he might have led out those that he should now find that would not be driven out with any scourge of fury. This answer (like a bellows) blowing up the sparks of excess already kindled, made my lord scornfully call Sir Philip by the name of puppy. In which progress of heat, as the tempest grew more vehement within, so did their hearts breathe out their perturbations in more loud and shrill accent. The French Commissioners, unfortunately, had that day audience in those private galleries, whose windows looked into the tennis-court. They instantly drew all to this tumult; every sort of quarrels sorting well with their humours, especially this; which Sir Philip perceiving, and rising with inward strength, by the prospect of a mighty faction against him, asked my lord with a loud voice, that which he heard clearly enough before; who (like an echo that still multiplies by reflections) repeated this epithet of puppy the second time. Sir Philip resolving in one answer to conclude both the attentive hearers and passionate actor, gave my lord a lie impossible (as he averred) to be retorted; in respect all the world knows puppies are gotten by dogs, and children by men. Hereupon those glorious inequalities of fortune in his lordship were put to a kind of pause by a precious inequality of nature in this gentleman; so that they both stood silent awhile, like a dumb show in tragedy, till Sir Philip, sensible of his own wrong, the foreign and factious spirits that attended, and yet, even in this question between him and his superior, tender to his country's honour, with some words of sharp accent, led the way abruptly out of the tennis-court, as if so unexpected an accident were not fit to be decided any further in that place. Whereof the great lord, making another sense, continues his play, without any advantage of reputation, as by the standard of humours in those times it was conceived. A day Sir Philip remains in suspense, when hearing nothing of, or from the lord, he sends a gentleman of worth to awake him out of his trance; wherein the French would assuredly think any pause, if not death, yet a lethargy of true honour in both. This stirred a resolution in his lordship to send Sir Philip a challenge. Notwithstanding, these thoughts in the great lord wandered so long between glory, anger, and inequality of state, that the lords of her Majesty's Council took notice of the differences, commanded peace, and laboured a reconciliation between them. But needlessly in one respect, and bootlessly in another. The great lord being (as it should seem) either not hasty to adventure

many inequalities [against one, or inwardly satisfied with the progress of his own acts; Sir Philip, on the other side, confident he neither had nor would lose or let fall any thing of his right. Which her Majesty's Council quickly perceiving, recommended this work to herself. The Queen, who saw that by the loss or disgrace of either she could gain nothing, presently undertakes Sir Philip; and, like an excellent monarch, lays before him the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen; the respect inferiors owed to their superiors; and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as the degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the anointed sovereignty of crowns; how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult both. Whereunto Sir Philip, with such reverence as became him, replied, first, that place was never intended for privilege to wrong: witness herself, who, how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same moulds her subjects did, and govern all her rights by their laws. Again, he besought her majesty to consider, that although he (Oxford) were a great lord by birth, alliance, and grace, yet he was no lord over him, (Sir Philip,) and, therefore, the difference of degrees between free men could not challenge any other homage than precedence. And by her father's act (to make a princely wisdom become the more familiar,) he did instance the Government of King Henry VIII., who gave the gentry free and unreserved appeal to his feet, against the oppression of the grandes; and found it wisdom, by the stronger corporation in number, to keep down the greater in power: inferring else, that if they should unite, the overgrown might be tempted, by still coveting more, to fall, as the angels did, by affecting equality with their Maker.—P. 20.

So bold, just, and spirited an expostulation as this with so proud and unforgiving a princess as Queen Elizabeth, shows more of the sterling uprightness and conscious dignity of Sir Philip than, perhaps, any other incident in his life, or passage in his writings. From this we can fully appreciate and believe as unexaggerated, what Lord Brooke says of him in another place, namely, that though he had lived with Sir Philip and knew him from a child, yet he never knew him other than a man: 'with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his every play tending to enrich his mind; so as even his teachers found something in him to observe, and learn above that which they had usually read or thought. Which eminence by nature and industry, made his worthy father style Sir Philip in my hearing (though I unseen) "lumen familiæ sue." This, we may remark, is one of those very rare instances in which paternal partiality was not in the smallest degree deceived, for Sydney was all, if possible more than all, that a fond father could have wished him.

As the old antiquarian Aubrey says, 'Sir Philip Sidney possessed not only an excellent wit, but was extremely beautiful in person, his hair not being red but of a dark amber colour; and, though he was of undoubted courage, he scarcely seemed masculine enough for a knight.' 'He was much at Wilton,' continues Aubrey, 'with his sister, and at Ivy Church, (anciently a pleasant monastery, which adjoins to the park pale of Clarendon Park,) situated on a hill that overlooks all the country westward and north, over Sarum and the plains, and into that delicious park (which was accounted the best in England) eastwards. It was heretofore a monastery; the cloisters remain still; it was called "Cænopium Edrosium." My great uncle, Mr. T. Browne, remembered him; and said that he was wont to take his table-book out of his pockets, and write down his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his "Arcadia," (which was never finished by him,) as he was hunting on our pleasant plains. He was the reviver of poetry in those dark times, which was then at a very low ebb, *exempli gratia* the pleasant comedy of "Jacob and Esau," acted before King Henry the Eighth's grace, where, I remember, this expression, "that the pottage was so good, that God Almighty might have put his fingers in't; Gammer Gurton's Needle," &c.;

and in these plays there are not three lines but there is "by God," or "by God's wounds." He was of a very munificent spirit, and liberal to all lovers of learning, and to those that pretended to any acquaintance with Parnassus; inasmuch that he was cloyed and surfeited with the poetasters of those days.' In the first rank of his poetical friends, we may name Spenser, though Mr. Gray remarks, that the common story of their acquaintance having commenced on the publication of 'The Faerie Queene,' is utterly untrue. No less apocryphal is the anecdote which describes Sir Philip as being so much enraptured with reading Spenser's delineation of "the cave of despair," as to order him, after perusing a few stanzas, a payment of 50*l.*, and that, continuing to read, he extended the bounty to 200*l.*, which he directed his steward to pay the poet immediately, lest he should bestow the whole of his estate on so charming a poet. But Mr. Gray thinks there may be a better foundation for the literary traditions, that the death of Sir Philip prevented Spenser from completing his splendid poem, by depriving the author of both the means and the spirit to complete his design. It is almost universally supposed and admitted, that Spenser intended to represent his friend, Sir Philip, under the character of Prince Arthur.

We cannot spare room to go into the consideration of the works here judiciously collected by Mr. Gray,—a task the less necessary as they must be familiar to all true lovers of our olden literature; and to others we cannot too warmly recommend the perusal of the volume itself. Among the hitherto unpublished materials, we find several original letters of considerable interest, of which we shall extract the first, as copied from the Cottonian MSS.

'To the Right Honourable and my singular Vnkle, the Earle of Leicester.'

'Right Honourable and my singular good Lorde and Vnkle,

'Although I have at this present little matter worthy the writinge vnto your Lordshippe, yet heinge newlie returned from my pol[ish] iournei, I woold not omit anie occasion of humbly performinge this dutie. Wherefore, I hum[bly] beseeche your L. to take these few lines in good parte, which I wryte rather to continew this [duty] I ow vnto you, then for any other thinge they may containe in them. The Emperour, [Maximilian II., of Hungary,] as I wrate laste vnto your L., hath these two yeares continually pretended a iourney to Prage, wh[ic]h it is thought shall, in deede, be performed, to the greate contentation of that kingdome, wh[ic]h otherwise seemed to bende to disobedience. There it is thought his son shall very shortly be [elected] kinge, whom likewise the Emperour seekes by all meanes possible to advance to the kingd[om] of the Romaines, and for that purpose desynes to call an Imperiall Diet in Francfort, the [place] appointed for the elections; but it is thought the electours will rather choose an other for this nexte ensuinge Diet, which is saide shall be sommer followinge at the fur[thest], and then there is no hope of election. Not beinge at Francfort, it is likely it shal [be held] at Regenspurg, where I believe the Emperour will demaunde far greater summes of mo[n]ey then will be grawnted unto him. Though the peace betwixte the Turke and him [is not] as yet, as far as it is knowne, perfittie concluded; yet it is thought the Turke will rath[er] proceede by sea then this waie, and as the Frencche Ambassadour hath writtne, meane * * insite the Pope's territorie, perchaunce his conscience moueth him to seeke the benefit of * * jubilee. I hope as the Spaniards alreddy begin to speake lower, so the Pope's holiness will have lesse leasure to minstre suche wicked and detestable counccills to the Chris[tian] princes as hitherto he dothe. Owt of Frawnce yowr L. hath the aduertisements fu * * The Prince of Condé is retired to Basill, where he lieth in companie with the Adr * children, beinge frustrate of a greate hope he had conceaved of suckowr out of Jerma[n]y, wherein many and wise men do impute greate faulte to the Prince Casimire, the Cow[n]t Palatine's seconde son, in so muche that to wryte to yowr L. plainly, he is heauilie sus[pect]ed to be corrupted by the Frencche. His father certainly is as virtuous a prince as liethe, [but] he suffereth himselfe too much to be gouerned by that son. This I thought my dut[ie] to wryte as hauing heard it in a very good place, and muche affect-

tioned to the tr[ue] cause. The Polanes heartily repente their so far fetcht election, beinge now in suche case [that] neither they have the kinge nor any thinge the kinge wille so many others had promised * * besides that their is lately stirred up a very dangerous sedition, for the same ca[use] that hath bredde suche lamentable crimes in France and Flandres. Now the [sedition] is reasonably wel appeased, but it is thought twill remaine so but a while. I have no othere thinge worthy the writinge at this presente to your L., wherefore I humbly cease with my dailie and moste bounden praier, that it please the Eternall to continew and encrease yow in all prosperitie. Frome Vienne, this 27th of Nouembre, 1574.—Your L. moste obedi * *'

'PHILIPPE SIDNEY.'
(P. 294.)

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 38. A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden, and the Islands and States of Denmark. By Derwent Conway, Author of 'Solitary Walks through many Lands.' Constable and Co. Edinburgh, 1829.

As we have been compelled, very much against our inclination, to speak hardly of the historical pictures of 'Constable's Miscellany,' we hasten, with great pleasure, to do justice to the little volume before us, which is as good-tempered and pleasing as the works to which we have alluded were false, frivolous, and ferocious. This journey through Norway and Sweden is the production of our friend Derwent Conway, whom we accompanied some months ago, with great satisfaction, (for it is given to critics to achieve impossibilities,) in his 'Solitary Walks through Many Lands.' As the object of that work made it clearly impossible for him to be very particular respecting any one of the 'many lands,' his journal was, of course, not exhausted by his former production; and, out of what remained untouched of it, he has manufactured the very pleasing narrative of his excursion through those much-containing, little-visited regions, Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. That a traveller in countries which are almost as little known to the general as some of the most beautiful spots in our own country, should be content to publish his lucubrations in duodecimo, and a cheap miscellany for the use of the humble classes, is evidence of a modesty as praiseworthy as it is rare; and we are very glad to have the opportunity of proving to our readers, a man may see strange sights, and meet with amusing adventures, and yet not write a quarto. We cull our extracts at random.

The Woods.—A Farm House.

'Those who have never been in any other than woods of small extent, and adjacent perhaps to the abodes of men, have no conception of the silence and solitude which pervade the greater forests. The former are full of little birds, in whose very aspect there is gladness, and in whose chirpings and clear notes there is no touch of melancholy; and being associated, too, with gardens and lawns, and with our very parlour windows, mirthful rather than gloomy images are awakened by their presence: but no images like these, nor any such associations, belong to the forests of the North. There no little birds hop from spray to spray,—no gay melody is in the air,—the rustling among the bushes does not denote the presence of the tuneful thrush, but of some wild and solitary animal, with which man has no associations. An eagle or a heron rising from a dell, or soaring above a lake, augment rather than detract from the feeling of solitude, because they are birds of solitude, and never visit the habitations of men.

'In the outskirts of the forest I saw a few squirrels, but, as I got farther into the interior, I lost them. I observed none of the deer tribe, nor indeed have I ever chanced to see any species of deer in the Norwegian forests. In one part of my route, there were evident marks of an extraordinary tempest, though not of very recent occurrence. Many trees lay prostrate, broken about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and large branches were strewn to a considerable distance. The trees had all fallen one way,—and from this circumstance, as well as from there being no marks of fire, I concluded that a hurricane had been the cause of destruction.

'My journey was in one sense fatiguing; for although I was seldom obliged to swerve from a direct

path, it was frequently necessary to climb very steep and rocky acclivities, and then to descend into deep dells; indeed the whole of the forest was a succession of hill and valley, which, in obedience to my compass, I traversed almost in a straight line. I noticed some gigantic trees, not less I am sure than 120 feet high, and of extraordinary dimensions in other respects. No stream of any magnitude intersecting this forest, the worth of the timber is probably not equal to the expense of carrying it to market; and from this cause, I found the trees of greater dimensions than in most of the forests which I afterwards passed through.

I had walked, as nearly as I could guess, about twelve miles, during the last four of which I had been constantly ascending, when I emerged from the forest, and found myself in a range of hills, the lower part of which I had been traversing, and which rose on either side to a considerable elevation. It was not necessary, however, in obeying my compass, to ascend higher, as the pass in which I found myself ran north-east. It was now past seven, and as I had walked upwards of thirty miles, through a rugged country, I determined, in another hour, to stop for the night, if before that time I did not reach any habitation. The valley soon began to descend, and at the first open point I saw a river beneath, about two miles distant, with a road along the bank. Every traveller, be his zeal what it may, prefers a bed within doors, to the softest moss that ever carpeted a hill-side; and thinking it not unlikely that some house might be at no great distance, if what seemed a road should prove to be one, I mended my pace, and soon reached a rapid and tolerably large stream, skirted by a road on the opposite side. Here I deviated from my compass, proceeding up the bank of the river, and, after another hour's walk, I was rewarded by the sight of a few houses upon the opposite side, to which I soon made my way, by wading across the river, which was scarcely knee-deep. It was then not quite nine o'clock, so that the inhabitants had not retired to rest, and they were soon made aware of the approach of a stranger, by the loud barking of several dogs, one of which I had some difficulty in coaxing into forbearance, until his master's authoritative voice restrained his zeal. An old pleasant-looking man welcomed me, addressing me first in High Norse, and then in Danish, which I knew sufficiently to convey in it the simple information whence I came, and where I was going, and that I was an Englishman, with a few lesser *et-ceteras*. I was conducted to a comfortable chamber on the ground-floor, in which a very old woman was seated in a high-backed chair, apparently in a lethargy. I soon discovered that she was blind; but when the old man informed her that a stranger had arrived, she held out her hand to me, and called to Wilhelmina, whom I afterwards found to be her granddaughter, to get something for me to eat. A tall fair girl immediately entered, who, having received direction from the old woman, left the room, and soon returned with a plucked fowl, which was instantly popped into a kettle; a table was then laid, and the fowl, when ready, was placed before me. I presume every one knows that a fowl is as tender, if boiled the moment it is killed, as if it be kept the regular time laid down in the culinary authorities. My entertainer was the substantial Tellemarken proprietor; he and his aged wife, and this granddaughter, resided in one house; and his son and daughter-in-law, with their children, excepting Wilhelmina, resided in another house close by. The natives of Tellemarken are considered to be the least polished of the Norwegians, and are said to have preserved, along with their ancient costume, much of their ancient manners. Their dress is, indeed, sufficiently grotesque; but I saw nothing in their manner different from that of any other people who have mixed little with the world, and who, upon that very account, exercise the virtue of hospitality more freely, because with less suspicion. The road into which my journey had led me, was a cross road from the southern coast to Bergen. The Mios Vand, I was informed, lay not more than twenty-four miles from this spot; but if I wished to double the north point, or head of the lake, the distance would be considerably more, and there was no house of any kind in that direction, the country being entirely uncultivated, the head of the Mios Vand running into the mountains which separate Tellemarken from Bergenhuus. I had a great desire to penetrate still farther into this range, both because of a tradition (at present I believe it can be called nothing better) of a waterfall 900 feet high somewhere in the Hardanger Field, and because the range, comprising the Fille Field, the Sogne Field, and the Lang Field, I had always understood to be more characterised by sublime scenery, than the better known and more travelled Dovne Field. But my entertainer told me, I had no

occasion to go farther than the head of the Mios Vand, which would sufficiently satisfy my curiosity. Of the waterfall he had never heard. It may easily be believed, that, after the fatigues of the day, it was a welcome proposal to retire to rest;—and it was not long before I was, in fancy, among the gorges of the Hardanger Field.—Pp. 90—94.

Marriage Party.

Next morning, after a refreshing sleep, I was ready to set out by six o'clock. My host mounted me upon one of his best horses, and his son mounted another, to conduct me across the Nid ford, and as far as a lake, which he mentioned as about a Norwegian mile, long (seven miles English,) and lying about two miles farther than the river, and parallel with it. After a few minutes ride, we reached the bank of the river, which, even at this distance from the sea—certainly not nearer than 130 miles—I found deep and rapid. Without the kind attention of my Tellemarken friend, I should have found some difficulty in crossing it,—an attempt which, even at the ford, and on horse-back, required some nerve. It could not properly be called a ford, because, in the middle of the river, it was necessary to swim. We passed, however, in safety, and continued our ride due east to the lake I have spoken of, which we came in sight of in about half an hour. Before coming in sight of the lake, we had heard the report of one or two guns, and something like the distant roll of a drum; and, upon arriving at the height which overtopped the lake, we discovered the cause of these sounds. Two rowing boats were gliding over the water, not far from the bank where we stood, full of gaily dressed country people. My companion immediately knew it to be a wedding party; and a loud halloo turned the boats' heads towards shore, while we trotted down the bank to meet them. The party was going to a church higher up the lake, and on the opposite side; and, as I was told I should save two hours' walk by taking a seat in the boat, I willingly accepted the proposal, more from a desire of seeing how these things were conducted in Norway, than from a wish to shorten my journey. The first thing that struck me was, the gilded coronal upon the head of one of the women. She was the bride; and in almost every part of Norway, if the marriage be among the country people, the bride invariably wears a gilded crown, made of some kind of stiff paper. This is, as far as I could learn, meant as a symbol of chastity; and I have since heard of instances, in which the crown has been torn from the head of a bride, who was known to have no just title to wear it. The boat in which I was seated took the lead;—in it were the crowned bride, the bridegroom, and six persons, four women and two men, whom I understood to be the nearest of kin; three fiddlers, a drummer, and a person with a kind of pan-pipe, were seated at the prow. In the other boat were eight persons, also relatives, and another drummer. One person also in each boat had a gun. The stillness of the morning, and the quiet repose of the water and the surrounding scenery, was in strange contrast with the noisiness of the bridal party. The orchestra played, and the party sung alternately; and sometimes both exercised their powers at once. The drum kept up its never-failing accompaniment; and every two or three minutes, a *feu-de-joye*, and then a loud shout, drowned for a moment the other testimonies of rejoicing. All the men were dressed in the Tellemarken jacket, girdle, and breeches, and, with their short knives stuck in their girdles, looked rather like a party of pirates, than of "wedding guests." The crown was the only distinction of the bride. All the women were dressed neatly and cleanly; and it was evident, that the whole party was less or more under the influence of corn-brandy. I must, however, do the bride the justice to admit, that she was almost, if not altogether, an exception; the bridegroom, on the contrary, seemed to be the most intoxicated of the party. In Norway, a perfectly sober bridal among the country people was never known. Their marriages invariably take place on Sunday. The party assembles on the Saturday, and the whole night is spent in feasting and dancing, until the time arrive for setting off to church; nor does the feasting end with the marriage ceremony, but is continued one, two, or three days afterwards, according to the circumstances of the parties. As many of the guests sleep in the bridegroom's house as can be accommodated, and the rest are distributed among the neighbours, to be in readiness for a renewal of the feast. Every bridal guest in Norway brings the bride a present; in many parts of Norway, a keg of butter is the usual present; and if the marriage takes place in the winter season, salted or frozen meat is also considered an acceptable gift.

'We had not further than three miles to row, so that we were not an hour in accomplishing the voyage. I was, of course, obliged to return the civility shown to me, by joining in the festivities as far as I was able, now and then tasting the corn-brandy, and joining in the songs, which, by the way, were a strange medley, some of them being drinking songs, and others hymns and psalms. How simple and beautiful a scene would this have been—a happy bridal party gliding over the calm Norwegian lake on a summer's evening—had not inebriation disfigured the picture!'—Pp. 104—107.

Scene among the Mountains.

'It was scarcely noon when I took leave of the pastor. From the nearest point of the Mios Vand, he informed me I was scarcely ten miles, but from the head of the lake I was at least twenty. There was only one route from this place by which it was possible for me to reach the Mios Vand; and to find this route, I had to rely upon my own ingenuity and my compass. It was described to me as a series of mountain-passes, branching in various directions, but for the most part inclining east and west. It was possible to reach Kongsberg (from which there are direct conveyances to Christiania) by the foot, as well as by the head of the Mios Vand, and this without any formidable obstacles from either mountain or river; but when I fix my mind upon a plan of a journey, I never deviate from it, because it may be attended with some inconveniences; and besides, I was now in Bradsberg, the district in which the great waterfall is reported to be. Immediately upon leaving this place, I was enclosed among the mountains, which rose around me to the height of at least 4000 feet; and several whose summits I saw before me, must have been from one to two thousand feet higher.

'I here saw for the first time, growing in a wild state, that most lovely of flowers, the Lily of the Valley. It stood every where around, scenting the air, and in such profusion, that it was scarcely possible to step, without bruising its tender stalks and beautiful blossoms. I have not seen this flower mentioned in any enumeration of Norwegian plants; but it grows in all the western parts of Norway in latitude 59 and 60, wherever the ground is free from forest, in greater abundance than any other wild flower. In this day's walk, I could not avoid again remarking the exuberance of vegetation which summer calls forth in the 60th degree of latitude. Flowers of every description enamelled the earth, the wild fruits, strawberries, raspberries, and many other species of berries of which I knew nothing, clustered the bushes, and were fast advancing to maturity. Trees, too, and various shrubs, hung in every crevice of the rocks; and upon examining the spot, it was impossible to discover whence they derived their nourishment. Had it not been for the extreme heat, my walk would have been full of enjoyment. The views were sometimes magnificent, always picturesque and ever changing. Little mountain tarns occasionally gleaned through the openings. At times, the noise of a distant cataract coming and dying away, filled the silent valley: then all was hushed again. Now and then, a sparkling, tuneful spring, welled, bubbling in your path. Sometimes a wandering cloud, sailing in the deep azure above, threw a momentary shadow on the sunny acclivities. Once an eagle, seeming a speck in the heavens, soared unutterably high, and then, with majestic swoop, sunk below a towering pinnacle; while at short intervals were heard, far upwards, the tinkling bells of the flocks, which were now enjoying their summer grazing among the mountains.'—Pp. 109—111.

'In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the Northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands considerably below zero, one is able to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. Many an Englishman who walks abroad on a raw winter's day, dressed nearly in the same manner as in summer, suffers infinitely more from cold than he would in Norway, attired in his fur-cloak and eared-cap, and warm foot-gear. For my own part, I can safely aver this of myself. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than I ever suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point, or fifteen degrees below zero. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway, the combination

of a very intense frost, and a scarifying wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer-houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not, in fact, a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial landholder, or a thriving merchant, on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house, as in many of the unsubstantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched with the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared with the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds.—P. 133—135.

Occupation of the Females.

'Eating and drinking is the great business of the Norwegians, the sole occupation of many, and the chief luxury of all; and it is owing to this that the condition of the Norwegian females is so much lower than it is in any other of the European countries. I have heard an English lady, married and settled in Norway, say, (not from her own experience, but from what she saw around her), that she would rather be a maid-servant in England than a *Frou* in Norway. And let me here mention a distinction between *Frou* and *Madame*, which is peculiar to Norway. In all parts of Scandinavia, excepting Norway and Denmark, every married woman may be called *Frou*, *Madame* being a more honourable appellation; but in Norway and Denmark it is otherwise. There, every shipper's or tradesman's wife receives the title of *Madame*, whereas that of *Frou* is the distinctive honour. Formerly, it was only the wives of noblemen, or superior officers in the army, who were entitled to be called *Frou*; but, by a late regulation, the wives of dignified clergymen, of doctors in medicine, and of persons holding certain offices under Government, are entitled to be so distinguished; and so much is this distinction prized, that I heard of an instance in which a gentleman purchased an office in Copenhagen, that his wife might be entitled to be addressed *Frou*. There is, perhaps, no occasion to apologize for this digression, as it contains some information, the want of which might lead the traveller into an error in etiquette, that might be prejudicial to him. But to return;—well might the English lady express herself as she did. Women even of the highest rank in Norway are slaves; the greater, indeed, the establishment, the greater the slavery, which is precisely the reverse of the condition of the females in England. Whatever the number of servants may be in the different departments of a Norwegian establishment, they are not entirely trusted to in any thing; the mistress of the house is still principal house-keeper, chief laundry-maid, and head cook. The cook-maid in Norway is not intrusted with any of the great operations in the art;—her duties are precisely those of the menial, who, in England, is designated a scullion. If a *Frou* be so fortunate as to have grown-up daughters, her duties are in some degree lessened. In a family with which I had constant intercourse, the two young ladies, *Froken*s, as young ladies of quality are called in Norway, had their alternate weeks in the cooking department; at least half of every day was spent in the kitchen; and she whose turn it was to do this duty, did not take her seat at the dinner-table with the rest of the company, but appeared when dinner was nearly concluded; and then with cheeks that would have made rouge be superfluous. I have mentioned elsewhere, that the duties of the ladies do not end with the cooking of dinner; the young ladies (if there be any) carry in the dishes, and if there be none, the mistress of the house. They also change the plates, wipe the knives, and perform every other office that is performed elsewhere by servants; but, in Norway, a servant is seldom or ever seen in the dining-room. The Norwegians would, indeed, consider it a disrespectful treatment, were they to employ servants to wait upon their guests. In one house where we occasionally visited, and in which there were no young ladies, two farmer's daughters, neatly dressed, always assisted the lady of the mansion to wait upon the company. A Norwegian lady might, indeed, be cited as a pattern to any English servant in the waiting department. She is constantly walking round the table, observing the wants of the guests, and supplying them. Nor does she, in general, partake of dinner with the party, but dines either before dinner is served, or after it is taken away. There is little of the comfort of an

English dinner-table in this; but daily custom at length reconciles one to it.

'But the duties of a Norwegian lady are not confined to preparing the dinner, and serving the guests. They have other domestic duties of a still more unfeminine character. When in Norway upon a subsequent occasion, I heard a young lady decline an invitation to pass a week with a friend, because it was *slaughter-time*. What should we think in England of a young lady who should make such an apology? But the apology requires explanation. Late in the autumn, just before winter is expected to set in, the establishment of a Norwegian family (especially if distant from any great market) is a scene of extraordinary activity and preparation; for it is at this time that the winter stores are provided; and this implies, in the first place, the slaughter of a great many animals. Then follow the various culinary operations; the salting of meat, the making of different kinds of sausages, and meat-balls for soup, and black puddings and white puddings, &c. &c.; and for all the various sausages and puddings, the meat is grated, and beaten, and seasoned—operations that require no inconsiderable time and labour. In all these matters the young ladies are the chief actors; so that it can scarcely be wondered at that the *Froken* refused an invitation because it was *slaughter-time*. But these duties are not only performed by ladies of all ranks in Norway, but are considered by them to be agreeable; and this season of slaughter and preparation is looked forward to as a time of more than common amusement. It can scarcely be supposed, that these habits should not influence the tastes and feelings of the female sex. Every young lady, and consequently every woman in Norway, is a *connoisseur* in gastronomy. There is no subject upon which a stranger will find a Norwegian lady so much *au fait* as in this. Indeed, I do not know any subject upon which a *Frou* or her daughters will descant with so much interest, or to which they will lend a more willing ear, than to the secrets of cookery, or the merits of a particular dish.—P. 171—175.

TALES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Tales of Military Life, by the Author of 'The Military Sketch Book,' 3 vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

We have often spoken in no sparing language of the various corruptions which have been introduced into our literature by the race of fashionable novels. But they have engendered one great mischief which we take shame to ourselves for not having denounced with much greater earnestness and severity. The taste and feelings of the English public will revive, we trust, after a short time from the exhaustion which such sickly diet must infallibly occasion; but, will the *English language* as speedily shake off the villanous diseases with which they have infected it? More paltry affectations of phrase, more vulgar words imported from the club-house, or the kennel—more flagrant outrages upon the laws of universal grammar and of English grammar, we will venture to say, are to be found in these works than in all the volumes of all the Euphuists who have preceded them. It may, no doubt, be urged, as it has been urged, that it requires genius to corrupt a language as well as to reform them; and, if this were the case, it would be the extreme of nervousness to anticipate any permanent mischief from these violations of our tongue's chastity. But the proposition is far too universal. It is true of poetical and philosophical language—men of any less talent than Pope and Bolingbroke would scarcely have sufficed to corrupt the styles of writing on these subjects as they did. With our spoken language—the language of the drawing-room—the language of women—it is far otherwise. Men the most incomparably imbecile, the most supremely contemptible, may pour defilements into the well of pure English conversation, which a thousand filtrations will not extirpate. And it is precisely in this quarter that we tremble for the consequences that may result from the great circulation of these novels, especially among our countrywomen. The vicious diction which they propagate has no redeeming qualities. It does not sin against the preciseness of grammatical rules, in order that it may conform

more closely to the *lex non scripta* of idiom; it is vulgar, but not vernacular; it disregards, with foolish fastidiousness, the scrapings of our English soil, and diligently picks the garbage from every foreign dung-heap.

The most guilty of all these, in this respect, is Mr. Bulwer's 'Disowned,' and considering the large pretensions which the author of that novel makes to reading and philosophy, the crime is in him perfectly inexcusable. In the case of the author of the work before us, there is not this aggravation. He does not pretend to know much of literature or any thing of philosophy. But if he is a plain soldier, he was the more bound to write plain language; he should have written as the Duke of Wellington speaks; he should avoid all affectation, and pay to his civil hearers the compliment of supposing that they can understand the phrases of the camp, without needing them to be translated into a miserable jargon, which he mistakes for the language of the city.

This is the chief complaint we have to make against the author of 'The Tales of Military Life.' In other respects, his tales are at least equal to the average of works of the kind. They contain some lively descriptions, and the stories are not wanting in interest. We extract from the first (which is perhaps not the best) story two or three of the most striking passages. The first extract will explain itself. The scene is laid at the time of Emmet's rebellion:

'At the conclusion of this communication the turnkey, with a knowing wink and nod of the head departed; so Mr. Ostin instantly availed himself of the hint which the fellow unconsciously had given: and, as he knew that, although his brother was in the king's uniform, and he himself a clergyman of the established church, both would be denied admission to see any person who was undergoing inquisitorial discipline, he determined to dissemble a little, in order to gain his point.

'Followed by Redmond and his brother, he approached the major, who, without moving from his seat, scanned them all over with a culture's glance.

"I believe, Sir, you have got a prisoner in your custody, to whom a coat belongs which is now upon the back of one of your turnkeys," observed Mr. Ostin.

"Well, Sir; what of that?"

"It is rather singular; but the man to whom that coat belongs was engaged on the night of the 23d (as I am informed) with my brother, this young officer, who was severely wounded by him in Frances-street: he recognised the coat on the turnkey, and would like to see the man who stabbed him."

'The major's countenance became suddenly softened; he arose from his seat, and, bowing, replied,

"O, my dear Sir, I am very sorry that your brother has received a wound from the rascally villain: ay—see here, poor lad—his arm is in a sling—I hope it is not dangerous?"

"No, Sir; the surgeon was of opinion that the wound would have proved mortal, had he been left without immediate assistance when he received the stab."

"Well, Sir," continued the major, "I am happy that I have it in my power to gratify your feelings on this point."

'Then, opening a window, he thrust forth his head, and cried out,

"Here, you Potts—is that done?"

"Yes, your honour;" roared a voice without.

"Open the door then."

'The major now motioned the visitors to go along with him, through a narrow passage; at the same time addressing Mr. Ostin thus:

"Now, Sir, your brother shall have satisfaction of the rebel-scoundrel that wounded him."

'Then, stopping half way in the passage, he turned familiarly, and holding the lappel of Mr. Ostin's coat, affected to whisper—

"We must be severe, Sir, with these fellows, or we should never do. Law is too mild for them—we would be all murdered in our beds, Sir, but for the tight hand we keep over them."

'He now advanced to a door, which, yielding to the iron hand of the aforesaid Mr. Potts, permitted

major to enter a yard, followed by Mr. Ostin, Redmond, and the ensign.

"There he is, Sir, in the middle—and a damned strong able fellow he was," coolly observed the major; at the same time pointing to one of three bodies which were hanging by the neck from a beam. The unhappy victims had no covering on their faces; and although their countenances were distorted by the last struggles of life and death, Redmond easily recognised the features of Carrol Watts!

The major rapidly continued to talk.

"You see, gentlemen, I have settled him for you," said he, with a fiendish smile. "I would have only pitch-capped or flogged him, but that an old and worthy friend of mine, to whom the rascal had the impudence to send for a character, assured me that he was the worst of the whole pack of the rebellion of ninety-eight: so I wasn't going to let him slip off by a jury; for the evidence was of too slight a nature to hang him—he wasn't taken with arms in his hands. If we had sent all to be tried by a jury in ninety-eight, we should have done little or nothing. But—what is the matter with you, gentlemen?"

The three visitors were alike pale, trembling, and horror-struck. Redmond's senses wandered, and he had only power to groan and stagger back from the sight, through the passage, while Gerrard Ostin was relieved from the cramp of his feelings by a flood of tears, which he covered by his handkerchief. Mr. Ostin alone spoke; and he, with difficulty, addressed the infamous abuser of the laws.

"And have you, Sir, the power of life and death over the unhappy men who may have offended against the laws of their country?"

"Offended against the laws!—eh!—Damn'd rebels—cut-throats—dogs. Have I the power, indeed!—that is a pretty question."

"Monstrous! But I will have this brought before the Government—this horrid murder."

"Murder! Poo—o—o—h. Murder, indeed! You seem to forget who you are talking to," said the major, with a sneer: "I'm damn'd sorry I let you in to see the fellow at all; and only I thought you were staunch, and not one of our half-bred Protestants, I'd have seen your reverence damn'd first. Murder, Sir!—ay, go to the Government; they can injure me—they dare not. I have been the very prop and pillar of their power."

"I will, at all events, publish to the world your atrocity," replied Mr. Ostin, with indignation.

"Publish!" exclaimed the major; "I defy you. Let me see a newspaper that dare even mention it—I'll soon have their types in the street, and their writers in the black hole. What do I care for you, Sir? I am Major Bludd, and the life and soul of the glorious and immortal party that will stick by me to the last. So, the sooner you quit this prison, Sir, the better."

"I am aware of that; but, Sir, I will again tell you, before I go, that you have murdered that man: he had only put his foot on shore the day previous to the insurrection, and, therefore, could not be supposed to be one of Emmet's gang."

"What! do you think, I will doubt the word of my old and respected friend?—a magistrate too,—who gave me his history! The very gentleman that he wrote to himself after he was taken! Poo!—There he hangs, and I wish all milk-and-water loyalists were there along with him!"

"Horrible! Horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Ostin, as he hurried out of the yard, to follow the youths who had left the dreadful scene of death, and fled to the barrack room.—Vol. i. pp. 129—135.

The following sketch of a remarkable man, whose portrait has been drawn so elaborately by Colonel Napier, will interest our readers:

The apartment into which Allan was led by his commanding officer, for the purpose of being introduced to Sir John Moore, was on the ground floor of a miller's house, spacious, but encumbered with the utensils of the owner's trade, and miserably furnished. A particularly mild-looking and handsome man, apparently of about thirty-five years of age, was seated alone at a crazy oak table, gazing on a map which was spread before him. This was the commander of the forces. He was in his marching uniform—a plain blue frock coat over all—and bespattered with mud from head to foot; for the roads of that day's march which the army had gone, were very heavy, owing to the incessant rain that had fallen for the two preceding days. He was deeply intent upon the subject before him: his brow seemed oppressed, and his face pale with the fatigue of thinking. Although he had directed his aid-

de-camp to show in the colonel and Redmond Allan, he continued to gaze on the map; and, when they entered, replied to the former's complimentary inquiries, without raising his eyes, adding,

"Sit down, sit down Howard. I shall be ready to speak to you directly."

However, a few moments only elapsed, when the General arose, and in the most cordial manner shook his friend the colonel by the hand.

"Permit me to introduce to you, general, one of my young officers, Mr. Allan."

Redmond bowed, and felt some what agitated; but the affability and sincerity of heart which the manners of the chief displayed, at once restored him to his self-possession.

"I have heard of your talents, Mr. Allan, from my friend Colonel Howard," said the general; "and I hope they will prove as serviceable to yourself as to your country."

"My greatest ambition, general, is that they may be devoted to the service of my country and to your's," replied the young officer.

Sir John Moore then requested both to be seated, and proceeded to open a portfolio, from which he took several drawings and plans; these he placed before Redmond Allan and the colonel, and having then sat down, commenced to expatiate on their merits and defects: discussion followed, and the result was, that Sir John was highly pleased with the promise given by the abilities of the young subaltern, while Colonel Howard felt all the satisfaction which could attend desired success.

Young Allan was already a favourite with the general; he received his promise to appoint him to the quarter-master-general's department forthwith; and as the colonel and he took their leave, Sir John requested that both would dine with him, after the following day's march, on soldier's fare, when he would give full instructions to Redmond what particular duty he wished him to perform.

Next day Redmond's name was in orders as acting deputy assistant quarter-master-general, and the young officer, having dined according to appointment with the commander of the forces, received his instructions to proceed to the river Carrion, in front of Sahagan, accompanied by an engineer officer, and attended by two dragoons and a Spanish guide, there to take certain drawings and plans. He was furnished with one of Sir John's best horses, and ordered to start at two hours before day-break the following day.

With a caution from Captain Ostin not to go too close to the French lines, and a hearty shake of the hand, Redmond mounted, and set out on his new duty, through roads as dark and dreary as any December night could render them: the only means of keeping the road correctly was the tingling of the guide's little bridle bells which ornamented the head of his mule.

At the end of the day's march, which was prolonged until four o'clock in the afternoon, they found themselves in the centre of the advanced cavalry, which was under the command of Lord Paget, and two days more brought them to a village, which they entered under cover of the dusk of the evening, and which was close to the banks of the river. On the opposite side of this river were posted the advanced sentinels of the French, but covered by small hills and wood from the view of the enemy.

This village was deserted by the inhabitants—every house was tenanted. It was situated on a little hill, and could command a tolerably extensive view. From a dilapidated house, into which Redmond and the officer whom he accompanied cautiously crept to take up their quarters for the night, they could see the fires of the French camp, at the distance of a mile, on a range of heights to the left; and by the help of the telescope perceived the soldiers standing between them and the blaze, but nothing more—all else was darkness.

The horses were all put up, and the dragoons, as well as the guide, enjoyed themselves at a blazing fire made by planks of wood procured in no very ceremonious manner by the latter, who, being acquainted with every spot in the village, knew where to put his hand upon whatever could be of use to himself or his comrades. In an inner room sat the two officers, regaling themselves with a canteen of wine before a bright and cheering fire, and arranging their plan of proceeding for the following day. Sufficient care was taken to obviate the chance of being discovered by the French sentinels from the light of their hearths, and having sat in conversation till midnight, they posted one dragoon outside the house to prevent alarm, ordering the

other to relieve him every hour; and wrapping their cloaks around them, lay down on some clean straw, procured after great labour by the guide, opposite the embers at which they had sat. Having listened to the occasional challenge of the French sentinels, which the stillness of night permitted them to hear, and thought of those scenes that usually brighten on the soldier's pillow when he shuts his eyes for rest, they fell into a sound sleep, which they enjoyed until an hour before day-break, when they were suddenly aroused by the call of the dragoons. They started up, and were already half informed of the cause of the intrusion by the countenances and manner of the soldiers, for the embers still burned brightly and lent sufficient light to the apartment. A few words acquainted them fully with the cause of alarm—several horse soldiers were at that moment in the village.

Redmond ran to the window, and looking out, saw, by the light of the moon, which had dimly arisen, six mounted troopers, riding at a deliberate walk towards the cottage in which they stood. Whether the troopers saw Redmond, or took a fancy to the quarter which he occupied, is not certain; but scarcely had he withdrawn his head from the window and seized his pistols, when they rode up to the door and halted. The clattering of the horses' hoofs, the accoutrements and the arms, mingled with the voices of the men at the door, now convinced Redmond and his friend that a French patrol had surprised them, and all in the cottage determined to make the most of their situation, and defend themselves to the last before they would submit to be made prisoners. All the fire-arms were immediately loaded, and the two dragoons posted at one window, while Redmond and the other officer took up their position at another, the guide assisting generally as well as he was able. Two carbines and two pistols were about to cover their men—another instant would have killed or disabled four of the troopers outside, when one of them fortunately cried out—

"Abra el porto Pysano."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the guide, "they are Spaniards—they are Guerillas—don't fire."

This information was a relief to all parties. The guide thrust his head out of the window, and accosted the mounted men in Spanish; informing them that two English officers on duty, occupied the house. To this, however, the Guerillas replied, that if so, they had only to appear, and no further trouble should be given. The officers now directed the door to be opened, fuel was thrown on the fire in order to produce a thorough light, and the Guerillas dismounted to inspect the interior of the house.

To Redmond's eye the appearance of the strangers seemed the personification of all that he had read in romance about Spanish and Italian banditti. Their dresses consisted of brown cloth, or olive velvet jackets, cut in the Moorish fashion, very short behind, and ornamented with a profusion of small convex white metal buttons; the sleeves tight, and united at the shoulders by red laces; the front open, displaying a closely-fitted cloth, or camelot, or leather waistcoat. About their waists were thickly folded red worsted sashes, and broad leathern belts; their breeches were of brown cloth, short, tight, and laced at the knees with red tape. Some wore boots, broad and wrinkled at the top; others brown stockings, with drab leathern sandals, secured by broad red tape, which was crossed handsomely and highly upon the leg. Their heads were enveloped in red cotton kerchiefs, the ends of which hung down behind; and over the kerchief some wore a helmet, formerly French, but now the prize of the wearer—others the high, taper, black Spanish hat, ornamented by several circles of red tape, and the longest feathers of the cock-pheasant's wing; over their shoulders, scarf-like, hung the striped Moorish blanket; each man's hair was plaited into a long tail; their faces were half covered by dark thick mustachios and whiskers; their necks were bare; and they were well provided with arms, which, however, were more remarkable for ability and temper than for elegance or uniformity.

As soon as the Guerillas saw the British uniforms of the officers and dragoons, they all placed their left hands to their brows in respectful salute, (their right hands held their naked sabres,) and apologised for their intrusion. Redmond and his companion received them with good humour; and, having ordered wine for their refreshment, entered into conversation with their chief in the French language, which was mutually understood.—Vol. ii. pp. 52—61.

Our last passage is, perhaps, the most powerful in the book. It describes an attempt to mur-

der our young hero, by the unlawful possessor of the Vandeleur property:

Carrol Watts now withdrew, and left Raven, who, flinging himself into a chair, groaned, folded his arms firmly, clenched his teeth, and began to chew the burning cud of reflection. He felt irresistibly borne onward to crime, in order to save himself and his former delinquency. Murder was somewhat abhorrent to him; but discovery was worse. No choice remained, and his fears urged him on with a rapidity that blinded every feeling but one. He turned it in his thoughts over and over, yet found only strength in his wicked project. At length the bitter hour was passed, and Watts returned.

"Come, Carrol," said he, as the latter entered, "I see by your countenance that you have become reasonable. You are a hot-headed fellow, Watts, but I do not like you the worse for that; soon excited, and soon appeased. Sit down, and taste old Heldershaw's brandy."

"No, I will not drink—let us to business," replied Carrol Watts, seating himself.

"Then I will drink, and to your health, Watts," said Raven. He then swallowed a full glass of the liquor, the effect of which was to improve his resolution.

"Now what am I to do, admitting that I agree to join you in this business?" demanded Carrol Watts.

"You know as well as I do," replied Raven, "that as the affair has come to his ears, the first step must be to remove him."

"Nothing can be done without it," observed Watts.

"Nothing," echoed the colonel—widening his eyes, approaching and placing his hand on the other's knee, in token of reciprocity—"nothing, my dear friend. He *must* be removed, otherwise I should fail, and your five thousand pounds, as well as the annuity, be lost."

"But how is it to be done?"

"Done! why—pooh! man, if you choose, that won't trouble us much."

Both paused and gazed at each other a few moments; Raven searching, as it were, the countenance of Watts for a look which he might interpret to his purpose. He then continued—

"You know, Carrol, if you do that, there will be a bond between us stronger than human power can make—there will be a guarantee to you that will supersede the necessity of all deeds and lawyers."

"I understand you. In fact, you think he could be put quietly aside."

"Exactly so."

"And that my knowledge of your share in this deed would be my bond."

"Precisely; don't you see it? My dear fellow, it may be done."

"Yes; but I cannot do it."

"O, as for the *doing*—that is no matter; will you join and be secret? that's the great service which you may do."

"Then who is to do it?"

"Why, Watts, that question is easily answered; there are but two of us."

"Then you will do it?"

"I will: I only wish for your assistance and secrecy. Do you agree? Say the word—I have the plan prepared, and a check for five thousand pounds shall be your's to-morrow morning."

"Give me the check now," said Watts. "I do not doubt your sincerity; but that would clench the matter."

"I'll tell you what, Carrol," said Raven, after a short pause, "I can have no objection to give you the money now, only that you—*might* change your mind."

"No, no," returned Watts, "you need not fear: I am fixed. I am a man that may be depended on; but I am determined not to move a step in the business without a proof of your good intentions."

"Then—no matter—I'll make it a point of honour between us—you shall have the check."

Raven then drew from his pocket a blank check, took a pen, and having written out an order for the five thousand pounds, handed it to Watts, with an air of honourable confidence. Watts then took the paper, tore it carefully into two parts, and returned one part to Raven, saying—

"I will not have the money; I only want a show of security—something by way of written promise; I will keep the one half of the check, you shall keep the

other, and give me a memorandum on a slip of paper, that you will present me with the half which you hold on the day after to-morrow, provided a certain affair should occur—write it so; that will put an end to all doubts between us."

"To that I have no objection," said Raven, as he proceeded to write the memorandum. "I see you mean well, Watts. Believe me it will make us both happy for life; five thousand pounds is not a sum to be gained every day."

"You know, Carrol," said the 'worshipful' magistrate, "that unless evidence be forthcoming in any case of suspected crime, the law can take no hold of the person or persons so suspected. Well, there are only three people in existence that know any thing of the secret we wish to keep; these three are you, Heldershaw, and myself. Confidence begets confidence; I have confided in you, you have confided in me. In my plan I fear we cannot well do without Heldershaw's assistance; and I think we might trust her. In the first place, she may be unguarded if we do not; and, in the second, I shall be obliged to give her as much money to shut up her suspicious prate as to command her secrecy. Look you! the young man sleeps here to-night, and will also sleep here to-morrow night. Might he not commit suicide? there is nothing more probable than that an officer, having quarrelled with his colonel, and resigned his commission, might commit suicide. Do you understand?"

"I do; go on."

"Well, if Heldershaw be admitted into the business, she will take care that he shall sleep soundly during the night; she will infuse into his drink at night a sufficient portion of laudanum to seal up his senses, at least in sleep. You and I shall then go to his room, place one of his own razors beside him, or in his hand—as soon as it has—your know the rest!—then, Watts, we shall both enjoy security, affluence, and happiness."

"But—the razor—why use the razor? would not the laudanum be sufficient?" inquired Watts.

"No, by no means; it is doubtful—assistance might come—he might recover—it is not sure—nothing is more dangerous for us," replied his cautious 'worshipful'; "and," continued he, "to give the affair a still greater degree of probability, the empty vial in which the laudanum shall have been contained, must be placed on his table; then, you know, even if the stomach should be examined by the surgeons, no further light can be thrown on the matter; Burn's Justice supposes the very case. The inference will be that he took the poison himself—Don't you see, my dear fellow?"

"I do—I understand—but who shall use the—?"

"I perceive—you would not, of course, as you said, do the business—leave that to me. Now, Watts, this all appears very bold and desperate, I may say criminal, on my part; but when you consider that it is in self preservation—the first law of nature—that it is done, you will not think so. Here is not only the ruin of myself, but of Sir Edward, depending on it—and what is a life after all? Had he met a bullet at Corunna, he would have only died; and in this case, what more is it? I would not do it—by Heaven I would not do it, no more than I would kill myself, only that to leave it undone must destroy a fine property, ruin my high name, and the hopes of my son, Sir Edward. Do you think Heldershaw should be admitted to the affair?"

"I do—I think it would render the matter more certain."

"Then I will break it to her; and to-morrow evening will you come here to talk over the business further?"

"I will," replied Watts, as he arose to depart—"at seven o'clock I'll meet you."

Raven received him somewhat agitated at the approaching occurrence, which now he felt to be inevitable—to be beyond doubt, seeing that Watts was true to his appointment. Both sat down in the little apartment where they had communed the night before. After a short time, Mother Heldershaw appeared with a strong bowl of punch, and with the exception that she spoke in whispers, her manner was as unaltered as if nothing extraordinary was the cause of the meeting. Her compliments to Watts, her praises of her punch, and her occasional allusions to the dreadful affair of the hour, were indiscriminately and unaffectedly mingled.

"I will not drink," said Watts; "it would unfit me for my work."

"Well, do as you like, Carrol," returned Raven, "but, for my part, I should be totally unfit for mine

if I did not drink; so, I say, "To our success," in a bumper."

"Ay, "To our success," in a bumper, I say too," cried Mother Heldershaw, as she swallowed the contents of her glass.

"You say he drank the coffee containing the laudanum," observed Raven to the hostess.

"Yes," she replied, "I took him a strong cup of coffee at nine o'clock, in which I put, you know, the drops: after a short time he called for another cup, and I gave him one of pure coffee. He then said he wanted to sit up for the purpose of writing letters; but rang his bell at ten o'clock, and said that as he felt very heavy, he would go to bed. I prepared every thing necessary, and took away his candles at half-past ten. He was then fast asleep."

"You are sure that the door is not fastened on the inside?" said Raven.

"It cannot be either bolted or locked."

"Then go again," hastily cried he, "on some pretence, to the room, and look closely to see if he be asleep now."

"I am sure he is asleep," returned the hostess, "but one cannot be too cautious: I'll go again."

So saying, she quitted the room, and returned in about five minutes.

"He is just as I left him before—as sound as a rock," said she, with a smile that would have honoured a fiend in its most diabolical work.

"Martha, you have not lost your determined spirit by campaigning in India," observed Watts.

"Not I: what business has a soldier's wife with being squeamish; if I had been so when I served with Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Mahratta war, I should have made a poor hand amongst the dead and wounded. What's one life?—why, the women of our regiment, who were worth speaking about, thought nothing of settling a hundred of the wounded Indians: ay, or a few of our own lads, if their watches or purses were good."

"Hark!" whispered Raven, "is there any body stirring in the house besides ourselves?"

"No, not a soul. I gave both the boy and girl a sufficient dose of egg-flip to send them a-snooring: it is the wind and the rain beating against the tiles and the windows that you hear."

"What o'clock is it?" demanded Raven.

"About half-past twelve," replied Watts.

"It is a dreadful night," returned the colonel, who was now evidently becoming fearful of his task. "This punch is not strong enough: give me a little brandy, Martha.—Carrol, how do you feel?"

"Feel!" echoed Watts, "never more confident in my life; I seldom meet with disappointment in any enterprise I undertake."

An awful half-hour now slowly passed away. The conversation was whispered in broken passages, and long pauses took place between each observation; the storm increased without, and the blaze of the coal-fire, on which all silently gazed, purled loudly—no other noise disturbed the night. Raven now arose, and having swallowed a bumper of strong brandy, whispered a question in Mother Heldershaw's ear, to which she replied.

"Yes; I took it out of his dressing-case; and here it is."

At the same time handing him something under the table, which she had taken from her bosom. Raven could not hide the effect which this had upon him; he shuddered, and looked at Watts with an attempted smile, that appeared like moonlight on a grave; and walking towards the window, he looked out, observing with a shudder that the night was not only rainy, but very cold.

The moments slowly passed, until the clock in the lobby struck "one." A silence reigned for a few seconds; yet there was much language in the looks of all the parties.

"Carrol, that is the hour," whispered Raven; "what say you now?"

"What say you, colonel?" returned Watts.

"Me! Can you doubt me? Think you I can let slip this opportunity, and meet my total destruction to-morrow? Oh! no.—Another glass of brandy, and then to save all.—Martha, go first; your shoes are off; that is right—and your's—so are mine. Come, Watts, be near me—close to me; but you need not be in the room, unless I should be opposed."

As they were leaving the apartment, he seized the arm of Watts, pressed it with an iron grasp, stopped short, and, with an impressive whisper, said,

"I will make it six thousand, instead of five; if the work be but well done."

Watts bowed, and they followed cautiously the steps of Mother Heldershaw, through the lobby, up three steps of a side stairs, and along another lobby; at the end of which was the room of the young officer.

The rain was dripping in big drops on the floor of the passage, and made a melancholy noise as it splashed; but this noise served to cover the accidental cracking sounds which their steps made on the old boards of the floor: the raging wind without, too, aided them much in this, for it whistled loudly as it passed, and shook the leafless trees behind the house into hoarse murmuring—it was a frightful night.

The woman was at the door; she stopped, placing her finger to her lip, and looking back towards her followers. Watts could perceive, by the light of the candle, which she held near her face, that, fixed as she was, the terrors of the moment were pressing on her; her eyes were glassy, her cheek pale, and her lips parched and withered. All stopped while she listened. She seizes the button of the door—the door slowly opens.

"Are you asleep, Sir?" said she, in a low voice.

No answer was heard. Twice she repeated the question, with the same effect. She then walked softly into the room some paces, and returning, left the door open. All paused again for a few moments, and held in their breath; they could distinctly hear the strong breathing of the intended victim.

"Let me go before you," whispered Watts. "I'll remain at the foot of the bed, to be ready, lest he should awake and overpower you."

A nod of the head and a squeeze of the arm were the tokens of assent. The woman gave the candle to Raven, and hastily, but softly, went back to the lower lobby. Watts looked at the colonel's face, and saw it pallid and perspiring, but still resolute. He then softly entered—Raven's foot cautiously followed. "His worship" placed the candle on the chair beside the bed—stood quiet a moment—Watts, also mute, at the foot of the bed. The sleeper's breathing was loud, and promised security. The magistrate looked around, placed the poison-vial beside the candlestick on the chair, and then coolly opened the blade, and tied a piece of tape upon its juncture with the handle, to prevent its yielding in the wrong direction from its intended work. A hurried blast of wind, and a pattering of the heavy rain, caused another pause—all was still again. The instrument was now grasped in the villain's right hand—his left on the curtain of the bed, which slowly drew aside—he fixed his eyes on his intended victim—he raised the blade, but looked back in caution—another moment—his arm is ready; but a voice of thunder roars out:—

"Vandeleur, arise!"

It was the voice of Watts. The trembling assassin started with a groan into the centre of the room; the door of a closet at the instant opened, and Captain Ostin, Corporal Magoverin, and two officers of police, ran out, lighted by two lanterns, while the rescued officer jumped from the bed.—Vol. iii. pp. 26—33.

SEPARATE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

Testimonies in proof of the separate existence of the Soul in a state of self-consciousness between Death and the Resurrection. By the Rev. Thomas Huntingford, M. A., Vicar of Kempford, Gloucestershire. Accedit Johannis Calvini. ψυχολογικα. 8vo. pp. 500. Rivington. London, 1829.

We have here brought into one view, and in a small compass, the opinions of a considerable number of eminent men, both Heathen and Christian, respecting the curious subject,—the state of the soul immediately after death—a subject, however, of which nobody can know any thing, and of course, all that has been written on the subject must be mere conjecture; ingenious, it may be and plausible, but still nothing more than conjecture. We agree with the learned Sir Matthew Hale, that 'the state of a Christian after death, and the privilege that with and by Christ, he shall then receive,' these are secrets that never lay within the reach or discovery of the light of nature. No more is discovered or discoverable unto us, than what it hath pleased the God of nature, in the Scriptures, to reveal and discover to us. So far we may go; farther than that we may not, cannot see. This is a learning that no other means can teach us than divine revelation; a continent that no other man can describe, nor any other light discover to us, but the Word of God himself. If we guide not ourselves by this thread, we lose ourselves in the discourse, or contemplation of it.

As to future existence, we have the testimony of the Scriptures, that we shall exist hereafter; though we are told very little of the *what* or the *how*; and apparently for this very reason, that we could not understand it if we were told. It is to be expected, therefore, that those who inquire into this *what* and this *how* must land themselves in fancies unintelligible to themselves and to others. We accordingly find in some of the opinions here collected by Mr. Huntingford, several conjectures which are objectionable, in that their authors have endeavoured to be 'wise above what is written.'

Passing over what he has given from the ancient writers, as much too brief and imperfect, and indeed the worst part of the volume; the more modern authors whose opinions he has stated chiefly in their own words, are,—Sherlock, Addison, Calvin, Grotius, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Sir Matthew Hale, Pearson, Beveridge, Jortin, Secker, Butler, Bull, and Watts. We were certainly much surprised at not finding in this list the names of Bishop Warburton, Dr. Cudworth, and several other English writers of celebrity, while the author's knowledge of foreign works on the subject seems exceedingly limited. He does not even allude to Witsius, Budeus, Windet, Thomasius, Cardan, Jablonski, &c., not to mention the ancient Fathers.

NEW MUSIC.

The favourite Airs in Pacini's Opera, 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,' arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by A. Diabelli, Book III. Boosey and Co.

This third book completes the work as Duets, and presents more variety than the former two; the first piece introduced is 'Squarciami il core, O Barbaro,' Duetto, an allegro moderato in F, common time, followed by a very delightful andante in A flat, 9-8 time. 'Su questa mon concedi,' a pleasing aria andantino in D, 2-4 time; 'Fermati, Ottavia,' duetto, an allegro in C, with several episodical and clever movements; and, as finale, a striking presto in C minor, 'La Distruzione,' which, as it is to express that dreadful calamity which gives title to the work, seems well adapted to the purpose, and therefore bear a strong resemblance to Haydn's fine 'terre moto' in his 'Passion of our Saviour.'

A Fantasia for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the popular Airs, 'The light Guitar' and 'Festive Scene,' composed and respectfully dedicated to Henry Hamilton, Esq., by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Co.

A VERY pleasing and flowing conversational piece, admirably adapted to the instrument, the flute especially. It is devoid of difficulty, and yet not so trifling as to be uninteresting. Barnett's two very favourite Boleros are ingeniously adapted; and to teachers of the flute, we presume the work will be singularly useful—to their pupils, very amusing.

'A Wanderer I,' sung by Mr. Sinclair, in the Opera of 'The Earthquake, or Phantom of the Nile,' the Melody selected and partly composed by John Sinclair. Dale.

WITH the exception of a single note, this very simple melody is written within the very limited compass of the two treble E's, a circumstance the more noticeable when we reflect upon the scope of Sinclair's voice. He therefore has, most probably, confined the air within these limits, in order to render it more generally available. It is a very easy and trifling allegretto pastorale in A, 6-8 time, and appears like a French air, selected from some vaudeville.

'Les Bagatelles,' No. I., containing a French Air, selected and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

THIS is a mere trifle (as the title imports) of two pages for 1s., intended for school teaching; and we should not have deemed it worth notice, had not Cramer considered it worth adapting. He has inserted the leading fingering; and in its general arrangement, it resembles the most popular, and, at the same time, most insignificant piece perhaps ever published in a detached form, namely, 'Butler's Egyptian Air.' If Cramer's 'Bagatelle' meet with a similar circulation, it would be worth while to publish scarcely any thing else.

Mozart's Operas, arranged with Embellishments for the Flute, by Charles Saut, No. II. Cocks and Co.

THIS is published in continuation of the work noticed by us in 'The Athenæum,' which commenced the present year (No. 63, page 8), and all the deserved

commendations there offered, may be justly applied to this the second Number. Twelve of the most admired pieces of Mozart's beautiful opera, 'Così fan tutte,' are well arranged, and well brought out; and, although the greater part of the opera is condensed in this one book, the price is but 3s.

'My Father Land,' the admired Tyrolienne, sung by Mrs. H. Hughes, at the Adelphi Theatre, in the Popular Drama 'Monsieur Mallet, or my Daughter's Letter,' written by W. T. Moncrief, composed by John Barnett. Published by the Authors.

THIS is evidently a parody upon the composer's most successful ballad, 'The Light Guitar,' and being written within the very confined scale of eight notes (the same noticed above in Sinclair's song) must be very easy of performance by any one who sings at all. It exhibits the same pleasing cheerfulness observable in all Barnett's familiar ballads, and will, no doubt, meet with an extensive and deserved circulation. Mrs. Hughes exhibits a very pleasing tone of voice in her performance of it, at the Adelphi Theatre.

Hart's Thirteenth Set of Quadrilles, selected from Matthew Locke's Original Music in Macbeth, including the favourite Isabel Waltz, arranged as Duets for Two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an accompaniment for the Harp (ad lib.), by N. B. Chailoner. Mayhew and Co.

THIS arrangement of Hart's popular Quadrilles must be singularly useful and acceptable;—for in large evening parties, where more ladies are assembled than can be formed into sets for dancing, and as all our accomplished countrywomen can play upon the harp or piano-forte, (or both,) all may be employed to the advantage of all, a convenience and pleasure we have satisfactorily experienced. The arrangement is unusually well made for the respective instruments (particularly the harp); and we hope this work will be followed up by an extensive continuation.

New Arctic Expedition.—It is understood that Captain Ross expects to be able to start on this new Expedition in the course of the present month. It is undertaken solely at the expense of Captain Ross and his friends; and the great novelty attending it is that steam is to be employed in it for the first time. Captain Ross goes out in the *Victory*, a steam-vessel of 200 tons burden, accompanied by the *John* of 320 tons, laden with fuel and stores for three years. The powerful steam-engine of the *Victory* is of the high-pressure kind, and will consume fuel of every sort, whether the wood to be found in many places on the coast, or the oil to be procured from the tenants of the deep; and the vessel is so constructed as to be incapable of destruction by the pressure of icebergs, the effect of which will be to raise up instead of to crush. The paddles, worked by steam, can also be taken off if necessary, and at once she can be rigged as a sailing vessel.

A Great Writer.—I require in him whom I am to acknowledge so, accuracy of perception, variety of mood, of manner, and of cadence, imagination, reflection, force, sweetness, copiousness, depth, perspicuity. I require in him a princely negligence of little things, and the proof that although he hath seized much, he hath also left much unappropriated. Let me see nothing too trim, nothing quite incondite. Equal solicitude is not to be excited upon all ideas alike; some are brought into the fulness of light, some are adumbrated. So on the beautiful plant of our conservatories, a part is in fruit, a part in blossom; not a branch is leafless, not a spray is naked. Then come those graces and allurements for which we have few and homely names, but which among the ancients had many, and expressive of delight and of divinity, *illegitima Veneres*: these, like the figures that hold the lamps on stair-cases, both invite us and show us the way up: for, write as wisely as we may, we cannot fix the minds of men upon our writings, unless we take them gently by the ear. When our servants or trades people speak to us, it is quite enough that we understand them; but in a great writer we require exactness and propriety. Unless we have them from him, we are dissatisfied in the same manner as if the man who refused to pay us a debt were to offer us a present.

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HERBERT.

A TALE.

PART I.

THE lowliest heart is ever nearest unto God; and so was it with the young Lord Bellincourt. His boyish years were full of confused and stormy thoughts; but, as he grew to manhood, his mind became serene and strong, and he was no longer vexed by those self-begotten miseries which are often the mist of a summer morning, that indicate the glory to come, but which sometimes also deepen and burst into tempest. He found much gladness among books, and much study in the fields. The more he understood of men, the less he shunned them; and the more clear became his consciousness of his own nature, the more he learned to revere the ideal of humanity. The rich thought him strange, but the poor knew him to be kindly; and, while some conceived of his mind as of a quaint museum filled with rare fancies, and embalmed antiquities, and trivial knowledge won from our common earth, there were many who felt it to be a treasure-house filled with living symbols of joy and heaven-minded meditations, and overflowing with wealth on all the world.

He was the eldest son of the Earl of Marlow, who, when his heir had attained the age of twenty, lost his wife. The Countess left but one other child, a dumb boy, five years old, named Arthur. The Earl was now an old man, and was anxious that his son should marry. Sir William Clifford, who had wedded a cousin of the deceased Lady Marlow, lived in a distant part of the kingdom; and to him Lord Bellincourt went on a visit. His daughter, Louisa, was then about the young man's age, and a creature of the most intense beauty. Her dark eyes were fierce with splendour; and, when she wreathed her long black locks with flowers and with leaves of the elegant plant which bears her name, and clothed herself in the airy garments which besem a fancied wood-nymph, the power of her glance, and the haughty bearing of her imperial form, belied the humble gracefulness of her vesture and ornaments. She sought to dazzle and command the heart of Herbert; (for such was the name of Lord Bellincourt. And, in truth, he was too young and too sensitive to beauty, not to feel admiration and delight in the presence of such a being. But he did not love her. His visions were all of a happiness which can be enjoyed in the narrow cell, or under the green-wood tree,—which belongs to ourselves, and is a part of our nature; and the only pageantries which it gave him joy to fancy, were the good man's natural garnitures, the bounties of the world to all, its skies, and woods, and rivers, and the symbols and triumphs of serene affections. She dreamed of the highest seats in the halls of princes, of power, and magnificence, and successful vanity; and between them there could be little sympathy. When he left the house of Sir William Clifford, the look of scorn and detestation bent on him by Louisa, gave to her exquisite features the expression of a sorceress, baffled by the spirit whom she had hoped to make her slave.

The Earl of Marlow received his son with the utmost indignation. He told Herbert that he was resolved the marriage between him and Louisa Clifford should take place, and added that he would permit no more delay than three months. Lord Bellincourt replied, that he too was resolved, and that nothing could ever induce him to wed her. His father commanded him to leave the house, and not to return until he could consent to yield obedience where it was due.

Herbert departed from his home a solitary wanderer. The pittance of which his father could not deprive him, amounted to no more than the income of a day-labourer; and like a labourer he determined to live. He betook himself to an obscure valley, hired a small cottage with a patch of garden, put on the dress of a peasant, and

began to try the strength of his philosophy in a mode of existence destitute of all the appliances which had adorned and enriched his former state. And his was a mind too well self-sustained to fail in the enterprise. Regular bodily labour in his garden improved his health. He studied the few old books which he now possessed more minutely and profitably than when he was surrounded by the myriad volumes of Lord Marlow's library. The earth appeared to him more various and living when he was compelled to make it his friend, than when he steeped along it with the consciousness of one of its masters; and, being driven to seek within himself for enjoyments to fill the place of those he had lost, he discovered in his own breast an ample store-house of brighter blessings than the palace in which he had lived, or the cities he had visited, could furnish. Herbert Winter,—for he laid aside his title with his condition,—was well known to the two or three yeomen, and the farmers, who with their families inhabited the valley. They had no suspicion of his rank; but they felt that he was of a different class and education from themselves, and they were gratified by the kindness and gentleness of his manner. He was eagerly sought for as a guest at their fire-sides; for he opened to them and their children a world of amusing and unpretending information, and the tales which he remembered or invented, and told in their cottages, brought wonder and delight to young and old.

So, for several years, he dwelt in the valley a happier man than Seged of Ethiopia. At a few intervals, in the earliest summer dawn, or in the clear night, he walked to the neighbourhood of his father's mansion, and wandered among those familiar paths of his childhood, and beneath those ancient trees planted by his ancestors. His recollection of the pleasant places of his youth, of the father who for so many years had fondly loved him, and of his buried mother, and of Arthur the helpless boy, breathed natural sorrow to his heart. But, when he thought of that despotic and untempered loveliness with which he had been required to wed, he blessed God that he was not Lord Bellincourt, nor the husband of Louisa Clifford. Her headstrong and selfish loveliness sometimes haunted his dreams, and looked at him through the foliage with tyrannous eyes; or, intently gazing at him, glided, he knew not how, amidst the mists of the morning along some forest glade. And he thought that he would rather be wedded to the humblest and least cultivated maiden of the valley in which he lived, than to that high-born and resplendent lady.

On one occasion, about three years after he had first become an exile from the halls of his ancestors, he lingered in the woods longer than he had ever stayed before, and taking a last look of the house, he saw his father on the lawn with Arthur by his side. The old man walked feebly, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy; and Herbert could distinguish his white locks glittering in the sun. Three years more passed away; and again he saw him seated in a chair on the terrace with a young woman standing beside him, and his son lurking, as if in fear, behind him. The young lord could perceive that the female was of a tall and striking figure, and richly dressed; but he could perceive nothing more. He abhorred the thought of being a spy upon his father, and turned to leave the woods. His last glance showed him the lady pressing the old man's hand to her bosom and then to her lips. Herbert saw no more; but in this there was abundant subject for reflection, and, to one less calm and self-relying than Herbert, for sorrow and alarm. He returned, however, to his narrow home, and the serene activity of his habitual occupations; and sometimes forgot, during many days, that he had once been called Lord Bellincourt, and that he was heir to wide domains and an ancient earldom. Wherefore should he think of these things, who was actual owner of the rich inheritance of earth, and the

beauty of heaven, and the unbounded and undistracted kingdom of a free, contented, and fruitful mind?

PART II.

FROM the time of his son's departure, the Earl of Marlow became more and more fretful and moody. He shunned the society of his equals, and was surrounded only by servants; for his son Arthur was in a great degree disabled by his misfortune from affording his father those pleasures of society which he refused to seek from without. The old man brooded in secret over the absence of Herbert; but his pride forbade him to recall the outcast: the enjoyment which he had been accustomed to derive from his intercourse with his neighbours was now replaced by the vulgar and servile flattery of menials; and the strong and highly-cultivated mind of the Earl rapidly decayed under their degrading influences. The affection and good temper of Arthur never diminished; but the impatience of his parent and the unhappy condition of the boy made communication between them difficult; and the presence of the dumb youth often served only to irritate Lord Marlow, by recalling to him the misfortune of his family.

After some years, the Earl shut himself up almost entirely in his chamber, and would scarcely ever consent to see his son. No one, except two or three favourite servants, could approach him without encountering an explosion of rage and disgust; and, while he was indignant at the cessation of any attentions which he had before received, the most flattering civilities were repaid with anger and contempt.

He was seated one day in his cabinet, when an attendant informed him that a lady desired to see him. 'I am too ill too see any one. I have nothing to do with ladies—tell her so, Martin; and let me hear no more of her.' The servant returned in half an hour looking confused and half frightened. What is the matter now? Are you determined to kill me?' 'My Lord, I am sorry to say that she will not go. She is a young lady, and looks like a person of distinction.' 'A person of distinction! Martin, you're a fool. Tell her I would not see her if she were Queen of England.' 'Yes, my Lord; but—but—but, my Lord—but—' 'But what, you idiot? Am I to be persecuted in my own house by adventuring mantua-makers? What is the matter, I say? Tell me at once, or you and she shall leave the house together.' 'She gave me a look, my Lord, that I would not stand again for anything. I am sure she is a person of high rank, and she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw; and she sits in the library as if she were at home, and told me to desire your Lordship to go down to her.' The Earl was now nearly choking with rage. 'She—she—she—she thinks herself at home, does she? And I am to go to her? Martin, we will see if I am master in my own house. Let me say three words to her; and then she may force herself on me again if she pleases. Wheel my chair opposite to the door; and show her up.' 'Yes, my Lord;' and the valet departed on his errand, while the Earl wrapped his dressing-gown about him, pulled down his velvet cap till it shaded his eyes, and compressed his exuberant fury till he had made his trembling features a 'loft of stored thunder.'

In a few moments, Martin opened the door of the cabinet, while the lady advanced up the long gallery, and the Earl broke out at the top of his voice, 'Martin, call the footman. We will see. So this is the strumpet.' The lady moved forward with the utmost composure, and interrupted him by saying, while she threw aside her veil, 'My lord, I wished to save you the trouble of coming down to me; and, as you are an old friend, I have taken the liberty of waiting on you in your retirement. But you have not seen me since I was a child, and, perhaps, you do not remember me.' Such was the lady's introduction of herself to the Earl of Marlow. Her splendid

* In Spanish the verbina is called *La Luisa*.

beauty and exquisite manners delighted the old man; and the intelligent and brilliant conversation from which he had debarred himself for several years, now visited him with tenfold grace from the lips of so accomplished a woman. She remained his guest, and she was the person Herbert had seen beside his father. Ere many months, she became the Countess of Marlow. The Earl daily declined in health, and was soon entirely confined to his chamber. The Countess was constantly by his side, and, as much as possible, excluded Arthur from attending his father. This continued long; and, at last, it was supposed that the Earl was near his end. Nothing was known of Lord Bellincourt, and he was commonly reported to be dead, and the dumb boy could be but little obstacle to any designs of the Count. But a rumour of his father's approaching decease reached Herbert in his retirement, and he revisited the park that surrounded his former home. He was wandering through the forest-paths, in hope of meeting some one from whom he might obtain more accurate information, when he perceived a stripling lying at the root of a large elm, which covered him with its shade. He recognised his brother, and approached him. The boy had loved him much; but he thought it unlikely that he would discover the young nobleman in the simple peasant. He asked Arthur if he could tell him what was the state of Lord Marlow's health. The youth started at his voice, and, having looked at him keenly, turned away his eyes. He proceeded to act the feeble step and tremulous gestures of age, and then laid down his head as if on the pillow, closed his eyes, and groaned. He next mimicked the appearance and air of command of the Countess, and indicated how despotically she ruled the household, and how carefully she had kept him away from his father. But, as he explained by similar signs, he had, on the previous night, deceived her vigilance, and reached the bed-side of the patient. He then reverted to his representation of the Earl, and exhibited rapidly the interview between them; the affection of the old man for himself, his dread of his wife, and his fear of her intentions with regard to his helpless child. After this, the boy gave another anxious and searching look at the face of Herbert, and drew from his bosom a small miniature of him which Lord Bellincourt well remembered. With the aid of this, Arthur displayed his father's confession of penitence for his conduct towards his elder son, his earnest and almost desperate longing to see him once more before he should die, and his resolution to reinstate him, if possible, in his rights, and to secure them both from the machinations of the Countess, by giving into the hands of Herbert the papers, in the destruction of which consisted her only chance of success.

The elder brother took off the hat which concealed his brow, and pressed the dumb boy to his breast. He then, without waiting to change his dress, proceeded to the abode of his ancestors. The increasing danger of the Earl had thrown the house into confusion, and Lord Bellincourt, though in his peasant garb, made his way without difficulty by the assistance of his brother to the ante-chamber of the room in which his father lay. Here the servants attempted to withstand him; but, on telling them who he was, and his being recognised by an old female who had taken care of his childhood, they fell back, and he was close to the door when it was opened from within, and he was met by the Countess.

In the first moment of her surprise, she exclaimed, 'Lord Bellincourt!' and at the same instant he uttered the name 'Louisa Clifford.'

'The Countess of Marlow, Sir,' she answered, and would have opposed his advance; but the old man had heard the voice of his son, and she was startled by hearing the dying patient exclaim in loud and earnest tones, 'My son, my son! Thank God, you are returned at last!' Herbert rushed to his father, who wept and sobbed upon his

neck; and, when he had given him the key of the strong-box that held the most valuable of the family papers, he blessed him and his brother, and, without naming the Countess, fell back and expired.

THE QUERIST.

No. III.

Query 2. What are we to think of the grave dictum of Locke, 'that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness, all the artificial and figurative application of words which eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions, and thereby mislead the judgment, and so indeed are perfect cheats?'

A GREATER than Locke has laid down the characters which alone distinguish eloquence as an art, from mere empirical tricks and topics of persuasion. That the skill to recommend probabilities presupposes the knowledge and pursuit of truths—that the artful arrangement of resemblances is but a lower manifestation of the same unerring judgment which discerns the most minute shades of difference—that even the fraudulent use of moral ambiguities requires acute and scientific perception of the limits betwixt the regions of doubt and certainty, and that the mastery of art is unattainable, save by contemplating whatever is most sublime in the system of nature, by analysing whatever is most complex in man, and by adapting the forms and species of persuasive discourse to human tempers and capacities in their infinite variety—such are the axioms—such are the majestic endowments which it was Plato's to conceive and Burke's to realise.

It is asserted by the tribe of pseudo-logicians, who think themselves entitled to be offensive on this subject on the strength of such a name as that of Locke, that much unnecessary vagueness and diffuseness are inseparable from the use of all rhetorical ornament. Now, surely, it is painfully known to many, that of all the styles that owe their birth to the confusion of tongues, the most vague and diffuse is what is called the logical style. It must be vague; for it establishes no preference between one step in an argument and another: consequently, in the immense train of syllogisms involved in every argument, although it is impossible to write or speak them all, in the most mercilessly long discourse, yet a logician, out of the vanity or the conscience of his art, will introduce as many as possible; and his system gives him no rule for judging what link is more important than another. Hence result diffuseness and vagueness: for what prevents diffuseness and vagueness, except the fine instinct which enables a good writer or speaker to feel unerringly what points he must bring out in strong relief, and what he may leave quiet in the back-ground? Thus, in another less refined imitative art, light and shadow, well distributed, will save a world of outline; and that aerial perspective, for neglect of which no accuracy of outline can atone, will, if attended to, successfully devolve on the spectator's imagination the task of filling up those blanks which a bungling artist certainly would feel it his duty to cover over with his feeble, ineffective touches. What is called the logical style rejects, of course, this intellectual perspective and colouring. It substitutes for that effect, which it can never compensate, a hard, dry, and frigid verbosity; and, by endeavouring to comprehend the whole of a subject, ends commonly, like the boy with the figs, in accomplishing not even the least part of its intention.

It is evident that a style like this must be too diffuse; but an Aristotelian, possibly, may stare when he is told it must be too concise also. Such, however, is the case: for, as it already has been remarked, that not even the prolix propensities of a logician can bear him out in introducing all the syllogisms which are contained in any argument whatever, it is clear that some must be omitted. But, as he

will not learn that happiness of style which facilitates a reader or hearer's filling up for himself what the speaker or the writer may have left unfinished, it is plain that his omissions always must be perceptible as all the edification he can impart amounts to only what he brings out in explicit and direct statements. Unfortunate man! apparent inconsistencies unite for his deserved damnation. Even vices which it would really seem excluded each other, are yet combined in his chaotic intellect; and, worse than Colonel Charteris himself, whose insatiable avarice preserved him from prodigality, while exempted from hypocrisy by his matchless impudence, our logician is prolix without the praise of perspicuity, and elliptical without condensation.

'In aiming at a concise style,' says Dr. Whately, 'care must of course be taken that it be not crowded; the frequent occurrence of considerable ellipses, even when obscurity does not result from them, will produce an appearance of affected and laborious compression, which is offensive. The author who is studious of energetic brevity, should aim at what may be called a "suggestive style;" such, that is, as without making a distinct, though brief mention of a multitude of particulars, shall put the hearer's mind into the same train of thought as the speaker's, and suggest to him more than is actually expressed. Aristotle's style, which is frequently so elliptical as to be dry and obscure, is yet often, at the very same time, unnecessarily diffuse, from his eumemering much that the reader would easily have supplied, if the rest had been fully and forcibly stated. He seems to have regarded his readers as capable of going along with him readily in the deepest discussions, but not of going beyond him in the most simple; i. e., of filling up his meaning, and inferring what he does not actually express; so that in many passages a free translator might convey his sense in a shorter compass, and yet in a less crammed and elliptical diction. A particular statement, example, or proverb, of which the general application is obvious, will often save a long abstract rule which needs much explanation and limitation, and will thus suggest much that is not actually said; thus answering the purpose of a mathematical diagram, which, though itself an individual, serves as the representative of a class. Slight hints, also, respecting the subordinate branches of any subject, and notices of the principles that will apply to them, &c., may often be substituted for digressive discussions, which, though laboriously compressed, would yet occupy a much greater space. Judicious divisions, likewise, and classifications, save much tedious enumeration; and, as has formerly been remarked, a well-chosen epithet may often suggest, and, therefore, supply the place of, an entire argument.'

The only argument of our pseudo-logicians which will at all bear the test of even the most hurried inspection, is, that bad and violent passions are excited in mankind by the employment of rhetorical artifices. Now, as such passions clearly must have previously existed in the breasts where they are worked on by the agency of rhetoric, the best method of extracting their virulence would be, not to abolish rhetoric, but amend education. Unless it can be shown that there are no good feelings to which the power of eloquence is applicable, it is idle, even if true, to assert that there are bad ones to which it has been oftener applied. Besides, is it true? Is it true that rhetoric has been often called in aid of evil passions? Is it not, on the other hand, unquestionably certain that logical artifices have been more frequently found available to the assistance of bad passions and their sinister ends. Is it not, in fact, by these latter that vile purposes are commonly maintained and justified?

One thing, at least, is undeniable: no rhetorical appeal can be made to any sentiments which an

audience is ashamed to acknowledge. Consequently, this excitement is most applicable to good, least applicable to evil emotions. Except in those cases where some popular prejudice, as appealed to by the rhetorician, (a case which calls for better education, in order that the prejudice itself may be eradicated,)—except in such a case, the evil passions will not endure the application of rhetoric. Suppose, now, an assembly actuated by selfish anti-social feelings, how would it sound for their ring-leader to talk to them after this fashion? 'A member opposite has dared to declaim on the distresses and complaints of the people. I will tell you of the more instant cravings of your own friends, families, and dependants. He has told you that the national prosperity, forsooth, would be advanced by the removal of expensive establishments, the abandonment of useless colonies. I will talk to you of nearer and of dearer interests. I will tell you of the scions from each noble stock who are nourished by this noble expenditure. I will tell you of the proud extent of patronage maintained from the forests of the Canadas to the gardens of the Cape. Are we threatened with plebeian discontent—resistance? Away with the base, ignoble apprehension! Will the heroes who have fought our glorious battles on the Continent refuse now to rally round their country's Constitution, and to shed the last drop of their true English blood, *pro aris et focis*, for church-rate and house-tax?' Would not such a speaker rather have recourse to logic, by a judicious use of the forms of which he might easily sooth his hearers with the semblance of a reason for their conduct, or, at all events, impose his sophisms on the ignorant many? Would he not demonstrate by a train of subtle reasoning

'Black not so black, nor white so very white;'

and will a logical opponent follow over the ground, and assail, one by one, his positions? He might as well attempt to hold an eel by the tail. Every one topic, perhaps, of the enemy includes some little spot of falsehood or irrelevancy; if all these are to be followed and exposed in order, there will be no end or audience to the refutation. Besides, a dialectician can always wind himself out of scrapes by some cunning reservation, explanation, or equivocation, so long as his opponent is content to fight him with his own weapons, and on his own ground. But, as soon as one arises and gives voice to his sentiments with the eloquence inseparable from candour and sincerity, the whole train of adverse sophistry, ungrounded as it was in unpurported reason or feeling, is swept momentarily away, even from the minds of a partial and interested auditory, and the sophist sinks abashed beneath the true rhetorical spirit which he had not dared evoke in the defence of falsehood.

POETRY.

High themes, dear friend, were ours, when last we spoke

Together, though the flashing waves that broke
Upon the sand beside us, with their light
By the fast sinking sun-beams made more bright,
Like living sparks shook by a lone priest's hand
Thro' the dark midnight, from a half-quench'd brand,
Made not a stranger contrast to the sighing
Of the sad woods and streams, than when defying
All auguries of present ill and pain,
Sorrow and suffering, thou didst say 'Again
Strong hope burns up within me, for mankind.
For though harsh tyrants have had power to bind
Freedom and truth in darkness, the quick hour
Speeds on with wings of lightning; and that power
Not based in love and wisdom, nor sustained
By unsubverted will which hath disdained
To aught submission, onward sweeps to ruin,
Building the growth up of its own undoing.
As doth that regal oak, which bears on high
Its sure destruction, twining treacherously,
Strong snaky folds, most bright and green to view,
But which, meantime, do gnaw its heart in two.
Yet they're scarce wise, having bound on the yoke,
To bind no firmer: were I yonder oak

I would throw off that ivy!' Tho' I smiled
'Twas half in grief to think that one so mild
And good should share the world's inimicity;
For well I knew what thou hadst said would be
Sentence against thyself; that men would try
Tyrannous arts to crush thee; from the sky
Look thee in caves, cramp up thy blooming youth
In dungeons, for that thou didst worship Truth
With courage unabated: yet I smiled,
Joying to hear thee: for not me beguiled
Wise saws of fearful men, who coldly frown
On all that would be free; nor did I own
Their dull safe rule, more pleased to tread the ways
Of danger and contempt by thy high praise
And self-approval strengthened, than to drag
The chain which men call custom. Like a crag
O'er which salt breakers riot, in their rage
Drenching its lashed sides, and the wild winds wage
Keen warfare vainly, seeking to upheave
The deep foundations which the huge mass rear,
I in the midst had stood; sorrowing I strove
With those whom most on earth men use to love,
Parents, and friends, and kinsmen; they had cast
Me forth from their communion as the blast
Tosses abroad some withered branch, which, cleft
From its paternal stem, of life bereft
And verdure, wanders o'er the autumnal sky,
No joyful sight, but of mortality
And perished hopes sad emblem. Then I said,
'Thou hast given utterance to the thought which fed
My fainting soul in the waste wilderness.
Dear friend, it burned within me: to express
That feeling which, a lamp seen from afar
By wanderers in the desert, a new star
Rising in the East, upheld my fainting feet,
Was given to thee; and, therefore, 'tis most meet
That I should thank thee. For no vulgar words,
No soulless voice, fashion or use affords,
Were these, but earnest of a nobler faith,
Courage, and love, and hope, unquenched in death,
And strong determination which not ill
Nor good, failure nor triumph e'er shall quell!
Yes, in thy word is full assurance given
Of victory: and we that on have striven
Upheld by our own light, know that the rack
And storm, as by some mage evoked, will track
And blot their sun out, if but one man know
None but himself can crush himself: and so
Our firm faith in mankind hath power to light
A sign which shall endure, which thro' the night,
Like shepherd's watch-fire on a hill afar
Seeming to wanderers a new-kindled star,
Shall guide to life and safety!'

'We will hold
The cheering faith, thou saidst, which men of old,
Less graced perchance than we are, but more wise
Onward to press towards wisdom where it lies
Stored in the wealthiest caverns of our thought,
Gold-paven, diamond-columned where have wrought
High gods to raise the wondrous fabric, bright
With their art and its exceeding light;
This faith and hope will we hold fast, which they
Threw round them, not as scorning to obey
The anarchy of the crowd, for well they knew
That scorn and pride they needed to subdue,
But with high aims still struggling, little check'd
By pain or suffering or the world's neglect,
Till they laid hold on virtue, and were free
Despite the world?'—I said.

'These things may be
Alone thro' will confirmed; such as did feign
The old poets teaching how with toil and pain
And hope of respite the strong Titan strove
E'en thro' despair warring with furious Jove,
Till at the last he conquered. We must fight
The battle thus with suffering, and the might
Of patient yet firm purpose, not repenting,
Fearing, or changing aught, nor aught relenting!
And that we have the power ourselves to do
Freely our own great work, and onward go
In the rough path of freedom, still must I
Believe, nor for the whole world's empery
Would I let go that sacred faith, or, aught
O'ercome by terror, yield the cheering thought
That man can make his own great world, and reign
E'en in a dungeon o'er his own domain,
The master of his master and his chain.
Man by himself is man; if wealth or pride,
Poverty, the world's scorn, or aught allied
To outward being, induce his act, albe
Noble and just, and generous 'tis not free:
Man must be man trampling all outward things
Like steps to his own glory; as upspring

Trampling the Eastern mountains the bold sun,
And builds his throne on them, till he hath won
The fight with darkness; then upspringing higher
Sits in the noon-day like a world of fire
Filling the earth with sunlight. So must we
Wage war with darkness if we would be free!
And most that darkness, which ourselves supply.
Yes. Be assured the perilous anarchy
Is all within us. Man is man's worst foe,
Letting himself most. What the world can do
Of good or ill we know, nor do we find
Its chains so powerful as our own to bind.
And therefore is it meet we should most strive
With our own hearts, certain that will can thrive
Only by constant warfare, gaining power
Like the old Athletes who did win the dower
Of more than mortal strength by greater toil,
Almost than man can bear: if we would spoil
Our tyrants of their ill-producing sway,
Building a better hope up, and a stay
For good men to uphold themselves, and thence
Truth's lessons thro' the waste of thought dispense,
We must subdue all that is not within,
By inward strength, teaching the man to win
Conquest from all that is not man, from fear,
From hope, and joy, and suffering; till he bear
Nought but the lamp which lights him to the good
He strives for, and the power, thus like a flood
By the sun's rays turned into surging gold,
Moving still on, by rough paths made more bold,
To leap and struggle, by no bound restrained!
'My thought keeps pace with thine,' thou said'st,
'well trained.

In that wise lore, which from one source we drew,
One fountain of pure waters, whose sweet dew
Gave life and freshness which might never fail
In frost or burning drought, but did prevail
O'er every form of ill.'

'And I must sorrow
To see mankind so much from darkness borrow
Wilfully, when the day-spring cleaves the night
With such exceeding splendour: in the blight,
Therefore, of their own thought they still must move,
Wanting no less the will to do, than love
Which must the will inform!'

'Thus,' said I, 'they
Their narrow base have ever striven to lay
For nature's wide foundations: in vain hope
To prison and confine the unbounded scope
Of her wise scheme, perchance antaught, that she
Knoweth no bound to the immensity
Of love whereon she buildeth. Therefore we
Have still a task most sacred, to defend
Like vestals in a temple to the end,
The fire which, burning on at length must spring
Into great heat and splendour, till it fling
Light thro' the darkness, as in ocean caves
Flames up the burning naphta 'neath the waves,
Or in some tall cathedral the five spark
Leaps from the altar, kindling in the dark
And hidden corners, which in gloom did lie,
A brightness like the sun in summer sky:
Till startling the dull nations, it shall be
A seed of new-born strength and liberty!
This few now keep with love and gentle care,
In expectation of the hours which bear
To man a better being: yet most blest,
Enjoying now that light, which to the rest
Is yet to teach a higher aim of life,
Than now they deem it made for, lost in strife
And clash of worldly things, the mad turmoil,
Which those who riot on their brothers' spoil,
Still cherish: knowing not the hope of that
When interfused, breathes life into the flat,
Dull, profitless employments we pursue.
Oh happy are the men to whom the hue
Of that which doth surround them, tho' it change
From beautiful to hideous, seems not strange,
And e'en the foulest, but another dress
Which beauty wears: to whom a wilderness,
Where rank weeds grow, by their own inborn power
Made odorous, can appear a sunny bower
By rose, and eglantine, and lilies pale,
Curtained with a cool brook-wander'd vale,
Where the sweet forest minstrels their soft tale
Pour in the ear of evening.'

'Blest indeed,
In this life's waste, so overrun with weed!
Thou saidst and movedst on; for, while our speech
Insensibly had lengthen'd, the wide beach,
Grown indistinct in twilight, scarce did mark
The line 'twixt land and wave; and, low and dark,

The clouds hung o'er the ocean. 'Let us haste
Ere our frail path be by the tide effaced,
Which will our foot-marks hardly stop to spare
More than the world our thoughts. And see how fair,
Low hanging in the cradle of the sky,
The Eastern Empress, hush'd by melody
Of winds and waves, reposes. But slow clouds
Move towards her like misfortune, and dense crowds
Of ominous dark forms, upsprung behind,
Cumber the pinions of the toiling wind,
Blotting the stars, her handmaids.'

'Let them glide
E'en as thou wilt, like sorrow,' I replied,
Over a good man's hours; for well I deem
'That soon, more radiant than in fairy dream,
Fill'd with her silver light those clouds shall seem,
Making herself more beautiful,—as distress
Borrows from goodness its own loveliness,
But deeper night from guilt; and it doth please
Me well to mark the gentle sympathies
Which man and nature share,—thinking the sky
Heaven's star-sown pavement, with its harmony
Of world with world rejoicing, the live ball
Of earth, the unfathom'd ocean streams, and all
That own thy love great nature, are to man
A symbol and a sign, which they who can
May read to their abundant cheer; there seeing
The mystery of all their moral being
In clearer lines to the mind's eager eye
Fashion'd, than aunts with mere mortality.
Oh! never will I praise their timid faith,
Who deem that all these realms of life and death
Are merely as they seem. Dull sense halts slowly,
Following the spirit's track, which, pure and holy,
Looks through the forms of nature, converse holds
With genii of the universe, whose folds
The angels that do love the wise uplift,
Pouring deep knowledge down through many a rift
In the pure spheres they rule. Oh! not in vain
Rush forth the lightnings over Heaven's black plain,
Nor cataracts dart from many a riven rock,
Shaking the firm stone with the noisy shock
Of their fierce onset. Let the man that will
Unbuild their life, and, with unenvied skill,
Call forth the spirit within them. Not to him,
In sickness or in sorrow, shall the trim
Of universal nature, putting on
Fresh robes of green, to wanton with the sun,
Bring consolation; but, with empty heart,
In its own ice exulting, he, apart,
Shall wend through all things, and find all things still
Barren. Preserve me, nature, from such ill
As heretofore winning sweet worship, done,
In innocence and tenderness, by one
Who hath sought and found. Still, therefore, will I
love

To track the wood-nymphs over hill and grove:
The modest snow-drop which its head doth rear,
Mild comrade of the crocus, when the year
Smiles to the jocund spring, shall be a dome
Where some sweet spirit of love still makes its home;
And, on the mountains wandering, I will hear
Spirits of the whirlwind, in their hot career,
Whoop to the spirits of the floods, that leap,
Shouting in joyful answer, from the steep,—
Making one universal harmony
Of earth and air, the waters and the sky!
For this I love the forest, both when storms
From the tall trees shake down the lifeless forms
That once were leaves, and, when its woven shades,
Tenderly intertwined, like two young maids
Whispering soft pleasure on a summer-day,
Soothe me to sleep-like rest. Well knowing that,
they,

And all created things, with me partake
In joy, and life, and happiness, which make
A brotherhood between us, so compact
Of love and amity, that sensual act,
Cold reckonings, hopes, or gains of selfish men,
Fail ever our close bond to unweave again.'

SECEDERS FROM THE KING'S COLLEGE.

WITHIN the last two weeks, three persons—and one of them of some celebrity—have signified to the secretary of King's College their intention of withdrawing their patronage from that body. It was with great regret, and not without considerable surprise, that we heard fears expressed by persons of credit and respectability, that these pompous secessions may tend to defeat

the object which the projectors of this excellent institution have at heart. Our own notion of the effect which they would be likely to produce was very different: we believed, and we still believe, that the letters of Lord Winchelsea and Mr. Quintin Dick will tend more than any other event which could have befallen the infant institution, to promote its prosperity,—that they will confirm those who, like ourselves, have from the first expected immense good from its success, and will teach those who were doubtful, that their fears, however plausible, were groundless.

It may possibly be in the recollection of some of our readers, that, about six months ago, we divided the supporters of King's College into three classes,—the first consisting of those who had been stirred up to the undertaking merely by dislike of the London University and its authors; the second, of those who had adopted the mistaken notion that the separation of religion and theology implied an indifference to the former; and the last, of those who, rightly perceiving the real wants of such an institution, from the inadequacy of the London University, from its principle of excluding one branch of knowledge, to communicate all the teaching which it was desirable should be communicated to the inhabitants of the metropolis,—were qualified to lay down the PRINCIPLE of the new college, and to bring it to perfection. We did not deny—we could not deny that, along with much pure benevolence and sound wisdom, there was, in the motives in which King's College was originated, a leaven of weakness, and, what was worse, a leaven of uncharitableness, which might tend to corrupt and deprave the education communicated there. But we contended, that these bad elements existed but did not predominate,—that there was a strength and solidity in the other parts of the mass which must in time give them the ascendancy, and that, even if this were not the case, there is so little sympathy between these principles of spite and dissension and the principle of education, that, the moment the last was brought into play, they would disappear. Our prediction has been fulfilled sooner than we expected.

It is avowed in Lord Winchelsea's letter, with the straightforward honesty which distinguishes all that nobleman's declarations, that he connected himself with King's College simply because he believed its principle to be in opposition with that of the London University. This statement is made in the broadest manner: his Lordship does not affect to conceal that from the very first there was nothing particularly pleasing to him in the principle of King's College—he had always doubts about the advantages that would result from it; but it was not the principle of the London University—he imagined, though he could not exactly tell why, that their principles were in opposition: he hated the one, and therefore he embraced the other. He has now discovered that there are one or two points upon which the supporters of King's College are *not* at issue with the supporters of the University. He is hence led to suspect that the principles at work in the two institutions may not be exactly the reverse one of the other; and therefore he deserts King's College. Now, in all this we think his Lordship is perfectly logical. If we grant him his premises—if we admit that the business of the founders of King's College was, as many of them at the commencement of the undertaking both asserted and believed, to rear their institution upon the *non-adoption* of the *admitting* principle of the other University;—then, undoubtedly, every approximation, in point of feeling, between the members of the two bodies, upon any subjects, but above all upon any subject even remotely bearing upon religious toleration, does expose the new institution to eminent risk. In that case, its security would consist in its supporters being totally separated in feelings, in interests, and in pursuits, from those of the rival body; nay, there must be an utter suspension of all personal intercourse between them,—other-

wise there would be always a danger of some explanations taking place which would bridge over the chasm. We do not at all wonder that Lord Winchelsea, believing all this to be necessary, and yet knowing how utterly hopeless it must be to expect such a state of things in a metropolis where commerce, politics, or pleasure, are constantly drawing together men of the most opposite opinions, should not have been so sanguine about the results as were some of the other projectors of the institution.

If his Lordship of Winchelsea be right—if King's College rest upon a negative foundation—upon the mere fact of its being unlike the London University;—then we say most decidedly, his Lordship's letter is a deathblow to the project. The institution, having no self-sustaining principle—having nothing for which it is in itself valuable, must depend simply upon the support of opinion—of opinion at all times transitory and accidental, but then most, and most deservedly, so, when it is an opinion that is held together only by spite and rivalry. A system of credit so sustained would be shaken—would be overthrown by the smallest breath of rumour. An apple-woman fainting away at the corner of the street, produced a run upon a rotten bank ending in its failure; and the announcement that Mr. Quintin Dick, (we beg the apple-woman's pardon for the comparison,) means to withdraw from an institution built upon such a principle, might be more than enough to overturn it. Our faith is, that it has another principle—that it has a positive foundation to stand upon, and that these attacks against it by its supporters, by sweeping away the imaginary foundation, by showing the real foundation, and by thus compelling the builders to rear their edifice upon it, will mightily strengthen that which they are meant to destroy.

It is not our purpose to explain at length what is the ground whereon we believe this institution really stands, and in virtue of which it is entitled to public support. We have no occasion to recapitulate what we have said so often in former articles, that the condition of including in their system of education all branches of science was that which the new institution would be required to fulfil, just as the principle of including all classes within the scope of their system was the condition which the London University would be required to fulfil. Nor is it necessary for us to show, that neither Lord Winchelsea nor that 'brace of brothers bold,' the two Messrs. Dick, have even affected to accuse the founders of King's College of departing from this principle,—or that there is the slightest more reason to suppose that any one of these sciences will be taught inadequately than there was six months ago,—or that the one science of theology which will particularly distinguish King's College from the sister University, will not be taught according to the doctrines of the Church of England. What we are anxious, therefore, to impress upon the minds of our readers, is, that King's College, having had at its origin one valid claim to public support, and not having forfeited that claim by any event which has happened since, has a still further title to the support of Christians and of Churchmen, from the circumstance of its being deserted by those who supported it upon a false ground, and who, if they had continued in alliance with it, might have twisted the College into conformity with their dangerous views.

There is in this country a certain class of men whose sect we can indicate in no way so well as by calling them the ANTI-ISTS. These men hold no opinion except so far as it is in opposition to some other opinion. The only touchstone by which they can judge whether an article of faith belongs to them or not, is by seeing whether it is the reverse of an article held by their opponents. Reversing the philosophy of Touchstone, the country is to them good merely because it is not the Court—a town life desirable merely because it is not a shepherd's life. They are not Churchmen,

but anti-Dissenters,—not Protestants, but anti-Catholics,—not Christians, but anti-Infidels. To such persons, who can sustain the whole edifice of their own faith upon a denial of another's faith, who can found their morality upon a hatred of other men's vices,—to such men, we say, it may appear very natural and very desirable that institutions likewise should be built upon the mere contradiction of a principle recognized by another body: but to ordinary Churchmen, to way-faring Christians, who believe that they must have some belief of their own to live by—what would seem the obvious conclusion? What name would they give to this principle? Would not the first words that rose to their lips be,—‘It is a SECTARIAN principle which we, as good Churchmen, cannot countenance? For why,’ they would say, ‘have we been so long complaining of the conduct of our Dissenting brethren? Is not their offence this, that they set themselves as a body in contradiction to the Establishment,—that they do not put forward a set of opinions which belong to them *quod Dissenters*, but that their discipline is merely a secession from the discipline used by us? Is not this the sectarian spirit—the schismatic spirit against which we have so long lifted our voices? But is this all?’ such a person would add. ‘As a Churchman, I object to the principle of building our faith and our institutions upon that which they exclude, and not that which they include, because it is sectarian. But, if I speak of it as a Christian, I must use a much harsher term—I must call it an INFIDEL spirit. For what is the spirit of infidelity but the spirit of denial—the spirit of saying, “This is *not*,” instead of, “This is?” And what though that which we deny is wrong—is false; still, if we attack it otherwise than by asserting the truth, we are using the weapons—we are acting on the principle—of that which we attack.’

To those, then, who look upon King's College as valuable for the protection which it will afford to Christianity and Churchmanship, we say, that the circumstances to which we have alluded must cause unmixed satisfaction. Henceforth it will rest upon its own merits, not on the demerits of its opponents. Those who joined it from motives of strife and opposition, are deserting it: those who value it as a place for communicating sound knowledge and religious instruction, will press to its support. The honestest and the wisest men in England will now look with affectionate interest on its progress; and this, we hope, will prove some compensation for the loss of the patronage of Mr. Quintin Dick.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Concluded from page 222.]

THE portraits—if deservedly, is another question—hold the most conspicuous, although not the best, situations in this exhibition. The first which attracts attention on entering the Great Room is that of ‘His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence,’ No. 131, H. E. Dawe, a picture which must claim the praise of those who look for high finish in a work of art. When we mention finish, we would, of course, be understood to mean polish, since we have not yet forgotten the admirable lecture read to us by Mr. Haydon, on the subject of finish in a picture, on the opening of his exhibition in the Western Exchange. That lecture, as found at length in the descriptive catalogue of the present display of Mr. Haydon's pictures, we recommend to the perusal of all amateurs; advising them, moreover, should they desire an illustrated explanation of the two different significations in which the term finish may be applied to painting, to view, as nearly as possible one after the other, and to compare ‘The Chairing of the Members’ with ‘The portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.’ This latter picture is treated in a truly court-like manner,—smooth, and clean, and perfectly nice.

Glory to the valet who had the honour of arranging, for the lofty occasion, the person and habiliments of the royal sinner! Glory no less to the artist who has so happily caught the tonsorial spirit, and given such effect to the hair so neatly clipped and frizzled, and so well and so freshly powdered; to the clean fair complexion, so characteristic of the English gentleman; to the cheeks so blooming—blushing, we had well nigh said—that, but for the known disposition and profession of the princely personage, their tints might be mistaken for rouge; to the coat of beautiful purple, so soft, so glossy, that the mind is left in doubt whether it be of cloth or velvet; to the well turned leg, the most noble garter, the crimson chair, and the richly decorated volumes. Observe all this, O Haydon, and then repeat, if thou darest, that ‘The Chairing’ is a finished picture!

Strong contrast, when not inharmonious, is ever delightful. Turn we, therefore, from prince to plebeian, from the picture of Mr. Dawe to that of Mr. Hawkins, No. 40, ‘Portrait of Henry Williams, Esq.’ Not the Grand Monarque, that prince of fops himself, could desire a happier illustration of the distinction between court and *bourgeoisie* than is presented by this pair of portraits, viz. the one we have just dismissed, and that which now more particularly occupies our attention. Ye gods, we beseech ye, multiply to our artists such patrons as Mr. Williams, who sits for his comely likeness, satisfied and cheerful, with flattened locks, smoothed to a peak on the forehead, and with crossed arms! And when it becomes our lot to be honoured by having our resemblance taken for some high occasion,—when it shall be called for by our numerous readers to decorate the wrappers of our monthly parts, as a substitute for the elegant vignette of the Attic Acropolis which now holds that distinguished place,—grant, O Jove supreme, that we may find the artist who, either from taste or submission to the will of his employer, will consent to compose his subject with the appropriate fidelity displayed in the portrait which we now are contemplating!

‘The Portrait of R. Mott, Esq.’ No. 54, J. Lonsdale, is an exception to the generality of likenesses here exhibited: it is a spirited picture. ‘The Portrait of the Hon. C. A. Murry,’ No. 85, by the same artist, is not by any means so successful a performance.

The portraits of ‘James Montgomery, Esq.’ Author of ‘The World before the Flood,’ &c. W. Poole, No. 8, of ‘William Jerdan, Esq.’ No. 238, J. Moore, and of ‘H. Bell, Esq.’ the first who brought the steam-boat into practice, No. 231, may be noticed, as forming a curious and somewhat ludicrous combination, when comprehended in one view by the visitor, placed near the fire-place, with his back to it, at an angle of forty-five degrees, or thereabouts. The pictures, as far as far as we have the means of judging, are good resemblances.

The friends of Mrs. Mitchel, and the admirers of Miss Phillips, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will be as gratified with the portraits of those ladies, Nos. 473 and 479, both painted by T. Meyer, as the fair subjects themselves must have been with their flattering likenesses.

The portrait of ‘John Adolphus, Esq.’ No. 190, G. O. Nash, is a picture which would have graced better company than that which surrounds it. ‘Empeline,’ No. 29, F. Howard, may, or may not, be a portrait. The artist has wisely removed it from that class of productions, by making it an illustration of the following lines:

‘There was a pensive softness in her eye,
That spoke of purity, and truth, and love;
And yet there was a playful archness too,
Brilliant, but mild, as stars amid the twilight.’

The Sisters, a Sketch. W. H. Bellamy, Esq.

It would be too much, perhaps, to say, that the picture succeeds in conveying the idea of all these heavenly qualities, yet it cannot be denied, that the head has much, and a very lively and agreeable,

expression. With this we shall close our notice of the portraits. It will be a more welcome task to cull a few spirited landscapes, and pieces of character, left unnoticed in our last number.

First of these, ‘Scene near Etrata, Normandy,’ No. 125, J. Wilson, well merits attention. It is not in the least degree inferior to either of the productions by the same artist, which we pointed out last week: it is quite equal to the very best of them; and, both in composition and colouring, has a very delightful effect.

‘Landscape, with a stormy sky,’ No. 101, F. A. Lee, is very clever and masterly. ‘The Profligate's Return from the Alehouse,’ No. 89, E. Prentis, is, in many respects, skilfully conceived; The story is well told by the two principal figures: they have both very appropriate character and expression; and the feeling displayed in the treatment of the female is truly touching; the taste shown in the other parts of the picture is not so good, and savours much of vulgarity.

Mr. Poole's ‘Far from Home,’ No. 20, and No. 166, ‘Studies from a Mulatto Girl,’ Nos. 124 and 137, are delightful examples of sentiment, and fidelity to nature.

‘A Scene in the Campagna di Roma,’ No. 166, J. Hollins, is a brilliant little landscape, glowing with all the warm sunny effect of the inspiring climate of Italy. ‘A Venetian Girl,’ and ‘Girls Spinning,’ are two other very pretty cabinet pictures in a similar style, by the same artist.

‘An Eastern Girl feeding Kids,’ No. 187, J. Y. Hurlstone:—A certain grace in this picture pleased us much at first; we fear, however, that the effect is more owing to an agreeable association connected with the arrangement of the hair and head-dress *à la Sibylle*, than to any original merit.

‘A girl Peeling Turnips,’ No. 204, A. Fraser, is quite a misnomer, since it happens that the maiden is *not* peeling turnips. That occupation, it is true, she would be engaged in, were it not that through the widely opened window, by the side of which she sits, she feels the soft influence of the balmy air of spring, and of the bright sunny aspect of nature, is affected herself with a congenial sentiment, seems conscious of the *besoin d'aimer*, and thus has her thoughts distracted from her turnips. Who has not felt the unsettling yet delicious effects of such a day? Who will not be reminded of the feeling on viewing Mr. Fraser's picture, which is truly a delightful little production?

The Water-Colour Miniature and Print Room has never been the least interesting part of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. On this, as on former occasions, it abounds in clever and spirited productions in that branch of painting, followed with so much success and superiority by our English artists. In our former article, we mentioned the clever drawings of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts; besides these, Mr. Boys has several pieces which well deserve to be mentioned with applause. Among them are ‘Hindoo Temples at Bernares,’ No. 509; ‘Abbey St. Armand, Rouen,’ 520; and ‘Scene on the Beach at Trewville, Normandy,’ No. 526. Mr. C. F. Tomkins treads close on the heels of Mr. Boys. His productions have, perhaps, less vigour and freedom than those of the last mentioned artist, but they are very effective and brilliant. The principal are ‘Two Views on the French Coast,’ No. 535, and ‘Charenton, near Paris,’ No. 766, a drawing full of effect.

Mr. G. Cooper shines in another style, and in the treatment of different subjects, generally architectural views—some of them are of Italian origin, others are drawn from English sources. We may mention as most attractive, ‘The Pantheon,’ No. 527. ‘Malmsbury Cross,’ No. 553. ‘View on the Arno, near Florence,’ No. 630, very rich. ‘The Arch of Titus,’ No. 724, and ‘The Descent from the Capitol,’ No. 756, both

views in Rome. All are well finished and accurate drawings, with a very agreeable effect of colour.

Mr. Ince shines in his views of 'The Royal Palace at Stockholm,' Nos. 715 and 754. 'The Margate Jetty,' No. 541, and 'The French Postillion,' No. 600, are clever productions of J. Atkinson. Mr. Rochard's sketches have great boldness and freedom, although his females, as to costume, are perfect caricatures;—the fault of the mode, perhaps, rather than of the artist.

Of the prints, many of them, such as Mr. Turner's 'Temple of Jupiter,' by Pye, and the painting, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of his Majesty, engraved by Finden, and so much in request,—are well known, and have already been noticed in our Journal. In the Wreckers, No. 805, from the picture by Stanfield, engraved by Quelley, we have a mezzo-tinto worthy of the original. Cologne, 1775. J. Kernott is also splendid. A small Landscape, after Bonnington, by N. J. Cooke, is a delightful composition, treated with great effect and clearness.

The Sculpture Room presents little that is attractive. The Batter and the Bowler statues in marble, Nos. 830, and 832, are subjects too humble for this elevated art. The Bust of Sir Humphry Davy will not fail to be regarded with interest. It is sculptured in marble, by Mason, after a bust in terra cotta, by Mrs. Dams. The head is fine, and far from being devoid of general character of a high and pleasing cast. The particular execution, however, is very indifferent.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

MESSRS. Weichsel and Attwood, two of the most talented and respected members of the musical profession, were the leader and conductor of the fourth Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Monday, April 6. It commenced with Beethoven's eccentric and difficult *sinfonia in A*, (7th op. 2, which was performed at the sixth concert last season, see 'Athenæum,' No. 30, page 475.) It certainly was not in one of Beethoven's lucid intervals that he composed this unmeaning, noisy, and unaccountable piece, the whole of which is certainly not worth the immense trouble and fatigue of performance, excepting only the *middle movement*, the *allegretto*. This, too, is tinged with whimsicality, but being rather striking, original, and effective, (and always well played at the Philharmonic,) generally deserves and obtains an encore. (The erudite and clever Dr. Crotch has adapted this movement as a duet for two performers upon the piano-forte, the publication of which was noticed in 'The Athenæum' last year, No. 31, page 492.)

The last movement was surely written for the sole purpose of fatiguing the orchestra. One performer says '*sauve qui peut*;' a second talks of Sisyphus and his ever-returning stone; and a third, of the fabled boys and frogs. In the whole *sinfonia* the sublime approximates the ridiculous so closely, that we can only wonder it is so frequently chosen for performance.

No. 2. Duetto 'All' idea di quel metallo,' Signor Donzelli and Signor De Begnis, from Rossini's charming 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.' This was the gayest, merriest, and most brilliant vocal effusion ever witnessed at a Philharmonic concert. Donzelli exhibits best in dramatic pieces; he is not the legitimate good singer or musician we could wish him, or that, with his excellent capabilities, he deserves to be; but in this duet, and other such compositions, he shines (as well as De Begnis) to the greatest possible advantage.

No. 3. Concerto Corno, Signor Puzzi, composed by Belloli. As might be expected, this was an exhibition of extraordinary merit; Puzzi being, undoubtedly, the finest performer upon the horn that has ever yet been heard. Although a very little man, he has the spirit of a giant! he always displays a cool and enviable confidence, which carries him through difficulties that others would scramble over, or flounder in the midst of. Puzzi is still decidedly unrivalled.

No. 4. Scena Mademoiselle Blasis, 'Salvo al fin,' by Pacini, who was a pupil of Rossini's, and who, as a true disciple, professes to imitate his preceptor. 'Salvo al fin' so nearly resembles Pacini's very favourite and pleasing 'I tuoi frequenti palpiti,' that it would be impossible not to recognise its author after the first half dozen bars. Mademoiselle Blasis made her first appearance before a Philharmonic audience, and was well

received; her general capabilities and manner more nearly resemble Caradori than any other singer; her voice a little more round and powerful; but her style not so finished and perfect. She reached up to the highest E flat exceedingly well; which effort, when successful, always commands applause.

No. 5. Spohr's very clever and interesting overture to 'Pietro von Abano,' was exhibited for the first time as a public performance, and received deserved applause. This we predicted upon its being rehearsed at the trial night, last January; and that it will become a stock piece, and be very frequently performed, there can be no doubt. It went beautifully, and long dwelt upon the minds of all auditors of good taste—a decided proof of its being good music in every sense of the word; it finished the act with eclat.

No. 6. Mozart's perfect, delightful, and grand Jupiter's *sinfonia in C*, went as well as usual, and it would be as impertinent and ridiculous to attempt a criticism of the composition and performance, as to offer an analysis of Hamlet's soliloquy, or 'Thomson's Seasons.' The last movement was played a little too fast, the leader's warmth and enthusiasm leading him into rather too hasty a conclusion.

No. 7. Aria, Signor Donzelli, 'Il mio tesoro,' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.' This song has been so eternally hacknied by all the tenor singers, Curioni, Begrez, Garcia, Torri, Sapio, Braham, &c. &c., that it was one of the last that our new singer should have chosen, or that the directors of the philharmonic concerts should have submitted to. As Donzelli by this means placed himself in prominent and palpable comparison with all the above contemporary vocalists (and many others,) we must add, that his credit is not increased by the attempt; his fine, and undoubtedly, superior voice, to the whole of these, attracted attention; but his performance was by no means so chaste and perfect as to place him above his compeers in other respects.

No. 8.—Quartetto, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Spagnoletti, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley. Beethoven's very beautiful quartett in F, (his first of Op. 18,) was extremely well performed, but rather too long for a concert-room. It is highly creditable to the regulations of the Philharmonic Society, to introduce a violin quartett at every performance; but it certainly is a species of composition more particularly fitted for a small room and limited audience; when well exhibited, it presents a specimen of the most beautiful and perfect instrumental writing. Haydn, when solicited to write a quintetto, refused, replying that he 'could not find a 5th part.'

No. 9.—Terzetto, 'Quel sembiante,' Mademoiselle Blasis, Signor Donzelli, and Signor De Begnis, from Rossini's 'L'inganno Felice.' These singers well assimilated together, and created a pleasing, lively, and bright performance; it is too much the custom for some musical composers, some grave doctors, some caustic reviewers, (all would be great men of the old school,) to affect to despise the playfulness of Rossini, and call it nonsense; but let any of them try to deserve and obtain his popularity.

The concert concluded with Cherubini's romantic and favourite overture to *Lodoiski*; and, perhaps, it may be well to hint to some of our unlearned readers that this overture to *Lodoiski* is quite a different thing from the old hacknied favourite of Kreutzer's, performed in this country to the dramatic piece of that name.

The veteran, evergreen, and ever-respected Weichsel, still retains all his excellencies as a professor and a gentleman; and, in fact, evinced upon this occasion more animation, more enthusiasm, than we ever remember; and we have been present at most of the performances, for a period of nearly thirty years, excepting only when he exiled himself from us.

Half of the number of philharmonic concerts for the present season are now over; and, in consequence of the intervention of Passion and Easter weeks, the fifth performance will not take place till Monday, the 27th of April.

GUILDHALL CONCERT.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Fielding has some where or other set about proving that a man would write the better on any subject by knowing something about it. Some persons there are who think this a self-evident proposition, and who read Fielding's demonstration of it merely for the sake of the dry and delightful humour with which he proceeds to the point proposed. But allow me to observe, that if it be an axiom so clear that no argu-

ments are needful to enforce it, it is a principle very frequently forgotten, and I wish particularly to recal it to the attention of a critic who furnished the observations on the Guildhall Concert in the last number of *The Athenæum*. At this distance of time and on this subject, it is not worth while to indulge in any long analysis of his extraordinary 'brief sketch.' I will therefore only notice one or two mistakes of this very learned gentleman.

No. 23.—Duetto, Madam Caradori and Madame Pisoni, 'Lasciami! non l'ascolto,' from 'Tancredi.' This, says the critic, did not go well: the piece would have been better, if performed by male and female voices, instead of two so similar. The great similarity that exists between the voices of Pisoni and Caradori, must have struck every body who has ever heard the two; and every body who has witnessed the performance of 'Tancredi,' whether in England, France, Italy, or Germany, must be sensible of the egregious blunder which [for want of this gentleman's advice] has up to this moment been committed in not assigning the part taken by Pisoni to a bass or tenor voice.

Now to another point,—No. 21.—Terzetto, Madame Vigo, Miss Wilkinson, and Signor Donzelli, says the writer, and so said the programme; but every one present, save this experienced critic, observed that 'Cruda sorte' was really sung by Madame de Vigo, Madame Pisoni, and Donzelli. The critic looked only at the programme, and his observations on the performance are sadly out of place. Pisoni and Donzelli must understand one another pretty well by this time, seeing they have been singing together for some time past at the Opera in Paris, and have not gone very ill together 'in harness' even in London. But the animal version was probably intended for the lady who was absent. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on the song 'Lord to thee,' which I read with some surprise in the columns of 'The Athenæum.' The criticism was apparently copied from another journal, which has signalized itself for some time past by its clumsy and illiberal attacks on Miss Wilkinson—a young person not less deserving of admiration for her professional talents, than for a degree of modesty and simplicity of manner which, even though united to very inferior ability, I should have thought calculated to disarm the rage of criticism.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
W.

[The article to which this letter refers was received from a gentleman on whose professional ability we place considerable reliance, and who, we are convinced, can only have been betrayed by carelessness into the fault with which our correspondent reproaches him. In spite, however, of this conviction, and of other reasons, which, if we choose to allege them, would extenuate our fault in the opinion of all who are acquainted with the management of weekly papers, we are anxious to make the most full and unreserved apology to Miss Wilkinson for the erroneous criticism upon her performances at the Guildhall. We can hope that the extremely high, because the just, language in which 'The Athenæum' has always spoken of her talents will be an excuse for this oversight; and we are rejoiced to think that her fame is too well established to suffer from any (even just) remarks upon an isolated performance.—Ed.]

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE pretty opera, 'La Gazza Ladra,' which we have heard supported by the powers of the finest singers in the world, was produced on Thursday night, with a very fair and creditable effect, and introduced to an English audience Signor Bordogni as *primo tenore* of the piece. To this gentleman's qualifications our many readers who have visited Paris will be no strangers; he has frequently and long been attached to the operatic list of that city, and has obtained there a certain degree of popularity, in spite of some vocal infirmities, which would appear to strike at the root of all scenic renown. His voice is a high tenor, of a fine and gentle intonation, but so soft and weak as to extend with difficulty over the vast space which it is expected to fill. He is a good musician; but the delicacy of his singing is not obstructed by any gratuitous show of science,—a great praise in these latter days, when music is dressed up in millinery, and its whole form buried beneath puffing and trimming. The effects of a slight indisposition which had prevented him from attending the rehearsal on the day before, were still strong enough to check much of his energy; but those who heard him will allow, that want of spirit or expression is not amongst the sins of Signor Bordogni. Signor Zucchi sustained the part of Ninetta's father, a part rendered famous by the performance of Filippo Galli; and Pellegrini threw a great deal of comic force into the doltish and amorous magistrate. To complete the catalogue of *débütants*,

we should not forget, however reluctant we may be to remember, the experiment of Miss Josephine Bartolozzi, as a representative of Pippo. Her paternal name, and consanguinity with some of our most established favourites, added to the theatrical advantages of a striking face and figure, were promises in her favour, which, we are sorry to add, have been realised by no commensurate performance. Would not Madame Schutz have consented to appear once again in a character, which, though subordinate, served, nevertheless, to add a fresh laurel to her well-acquired wreath? As a recruiting party had evidently gone out on a metropolitan excursion, and enlisted some of the idlers whom we regret to find in that character, why should they not have made their number complete, and so remove the only blemish of this entire performance?

Lastly, with regard to Mademoiselle Blais, her acting was admirable throughout, and towards the catastrophe, most impassioned and picturesque. Our judgment of her vocal powers has already been pronounced; she combined on this occasion the two great accomplishments of a theatrical singer, and produced, on the whole, an effect which we have not seen equalled in the part of Ninetta. At the end of the opera, she was rapturously called for, and made her obeisance to the audience amidst thunders of applause.

Looking generally at the performance, we cannot avoid being struck with the great animation and correctness of the dramatic department. Each of the *dramatis personæ* seemed to forget the inveterate maxim, that operatic singers are automata in all respects but with regard to their throats; on the contrary, arms, legs, gesture, attitudes, expression, feeling, passion, were employed as though probability were considered of some weight, and scenic illusion a matter not too low even for the *artistes* of the King's Theatre. 'Massaniello,' in all its glory, sent us home, dreaming of the adage, 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori.'

Drury Lane.

Miss PHILLIPS, who still persists in repeating her representations of Lady Townley, because the Manager requires it, finding, we suppose, that it 'draws,'—appeared on Monday week in a character in which she has been long desired by the elder votaries of the stage, principally to assist them in forming an estimate of her acting talents, by comparison with their recollections of her two distinguished predecessors in the same character—Belvidera. For our parts,—and we say it without any disparagement to the by-gone heroines,—we think this an unfair and inapplicable test; and one that will only be resorted to by those who have no conception in their own minds of any character but what is reflected from representations they have already witnessed. If theatrical excellence is a mere thing of tradition, an art of imitation,—and a Lady Macbeth is to be praised for being Siddonian, rather than Shakespearean,—if any variation from established emphasis, or difference in look or gesture, is to be condemned because it is an innovation on established usage, without any inquiry about its agreement with nature, we see no reason why any young woman of six feet high, good form, striking features, and commanding voice, may not, by the teaching of those who are admitted to have the most accurate recollections of the precise manner in which the Siddonses and the O'Neils were wont to receive and give rebukes, to supplicate and answer suppliants, to kill and be killed, be made the most perfect of actresses, and give entire satisfaction to the most reverend bencher of Lincoln's Inn. But, though we have no inclination unduly to depreciate the stage-business, or to dogmatise on technicalities which we do not understand, we do think that, as something more is necessary to enable a man to write a tragedy than Schultes's 'Flowers of Fancy,' so the elocutionist, the attitudiniser, and the stage-manager, are not sufficient to make a Juliet or a Desdemona; and we further think, that, as a man intended by nature to be a dramatist would require no ready-made similes to help him out, so a woman, designed by the same controller of the 'cast' of life to embody his conceptions, would require no other aid than her own unassisted powers. What we have most anxiously desired for Miss Phillips, ever since the opening of her career, is, that she might escape the fate of being made an actress; and that she can afford to do this, the satisfactory manner in which she conceived and executed a part entirely new, and consequently untrammelled by traditional gestures and readings, and the rapidity with which she has run through many of the list of tragic heroines—a rapidity equalled by its excellence, and which would not have been possible had she depended on her instructress—have yielded substantial proof. Her Bel-

videra—one of those parts in which the actress, to be natural, has often to struggle against the extravagance and want of keeping of the poet—was not inferior to her other performances: the tender scenes with her husband were given with deep feeling and distressing truth, and in the mad scene, where feeling is out of the question, she displayed a good judgment; and, if the phrase be applicable to the case, did not 'o'erstep the modesty of nature'; but, though satisfied with her performance, we could not help wishing the tenderness had been that of Desdemona, or the madness, that of Ophelia. Do, Mr. Price, give us Othello and Hamlet—but Ophelia sings. Can Miss Phillips sing?

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

STATE OF CRIME IN FRANCE, &c.—Though it might lead to melancholy reflections, it would inevitably ensure useful results, if our Secretary of the Home Department were to follow the example of the French Secretary for the Department of Justice, and annually publish a detailed 'Report of the Administration of Criminal Justice.' It is not long since such a report, as regards France during the year 1827, was submitted to the attention of the French public; nor is it because we deem it unworthy that of our own countrymen, but from the limited space to which we are restricted, that our notice of it will be found so summary.

It would appear that the proportion which the number of persons committed for trial bore to the whole population of France, was, in 1826, 1 in 4,557; and, in 1827, 1 in 4,593.

Of one hundred individuals accused of crime, the proportion was twenty-eight prosecuted for offences against the person, and seventy-two for offences against property.

The comparative numbers of persons brought to trial, condemned or acquitted, for the two countries, during the year 1827, were, so far as official returns are before us, as follows:—

	Tried.	Convicted.	Acquitted.
England and Wales, London and Mid-diesex	18,973	14,864	4,109
France.—(Criminal Courts)	6,999	4,236	2,763
Ibid.—(Correctional Police)	171,146	145,166	25,980
	178,075	149,402	28,673*

Whilst looking at the return for our own country, it should be remembered, that every branch of criminal jurisprudence in France being subordinate to the Department of Justice, that return is deficient in an account of the number of criminals convicted of minor offences under the sentences of our magistracy, without which, indeed, no perfect comparison can be instituted.

The dispatch of criminal causes during the year, required, throughout France, the holding of 377 sessions of assize, which lasted altogether 3,958 days, averaging ten days and a half to each session; and the number of witnesses examined was 47,933.

The individuals confined in the larger prisons, and the central houses of detention, amounted to 18,890; of whom 13,388 were men, and 5,502 were women. Of the total number, 6,172 only were able to read and write; two-thirds of them, therefore, had never received any sort of education. A melancholy proof that ignorance, like idleness, is the parent of vice!

ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU AND GRIMSEL.—In the beginning of August last, a celebrated naturalist of Solothurn made an attempt to ascend the far-famed Mountain of the Jungfrau, or Virgin of Switzerland. In spite of every effort, he was not enabled to ascend higher than what is termed the Red Valley, the elevation of which is about eleven thousand feet. The peak of the Jungfrau itself soars 11,490 feet above the surface of the Lake of the four Cantons, (Vierwaldstätter See,) and 12,840 feet above the level of the sea. Though baffled in this attempt, the enterprising traveller, a few days afterwards, set out with some chamois hunters from Grindelwald, with the intention of crossing the intervening glaciers and icy-wildernesses, and ascending the Grimsel. So perilous an exploit as this had, probably, never been before adventured. His

* In England and Wales, &c., the convictions amount to rather more than 78 out of every hundred prosecutions; and, in France, to nearly 84 out of every hundred. The acquittals, on the other hand, amount to more than 214 out of every hundred prosecutions in the English, and to somewhat more than 16 out of every hundred in the French Courts.

course led him through the desolate regions lying between the Eiger, Mettenberg, Finster-Aarhorn, and Schreckhorn.

CHINA—ITS NAME.—This empire has no specific appellation in the vernacular tongue, a circumstance which must be ascribed to its isolated position between the sea on the one side, and deserts on the other; for the Chinese, in the absence of all objects of analogy, consider their monarchy as an empire *per se*. As for Tonchin, Japan, and Hindoostan, they regard them as nothing better than countries tenanted by savages; nor are their ideas of Europe one iota more exalted. Each dynasty bestow their own cognomen on the Chinese dominions. Under the reigning family it is styled Ya-tsin-que, or 'kingdom of great purity'; whereas, under the preceding line, it was called Tay-ming-que, or 'the kingdom of high splendour.' The name by which it is known to Europeans would seem to be derived from the Chinese salutation, Tsin, tsin! implying, 'Whatever thou desirest!' an expression of good-will with which they greet one another when they meet. It is natural that strangers, who were ignorant of their language, should be thus induced to denominate them Chinese, or Sinese.

SCIENCE IN RUSSIA.—In one of the last sittings of the Academy of the Arts and Sciences of St. Petersburg it was resolved, that a sum of ten thousand roubles (nearly 500*l.*) should be appropriated to the purchase of the manuscripts, copper-plates, and herbarium of the late Marshal Von Biberstein. The Academy also approved of the application of a similar sum towards the first year's expense of an 'Archæographical Journey through the Russian dominions.' This important enterprise is intended to commence during the present spring, and is intrusted to the care of Counsellor Strojcu. The same meeting gave its sanction to the acquisition of a collection of birds, in which the Zoological Museum was deficient, and which had been brought from Dorpat by M. Ménétrics.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, 'Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe,' wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid. Written by herself, now first published from the original manuscript. To which are added, Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe.

Nearly ready, 'Journal of an Embassy to the Court of Ava,' from the Governor-General of India, in the year 1827, by John Crawford, Esq., late Envoy, with a Geological Appendix, by Dr. Buckland and Mr. Clift, and a Botanical one by Dr. Wallich. The new edition of 'Burke's Improved Pezage and Barometrage for 1829,' compiled from the communications of the nobility addressed to the author, and including the barometries of Scotland and Ireland, appertaining to more than two hundred ancient families, (whose lineage is given exclusively in this work,) with upwards of 1,500 plates of arms, will be ready for delivery in a few days.

Mr. Oliver has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, 'The History and Antiquities of Beverley.'

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Philosophy of History, 8vo., 18s.
Sermons preached in India by the late Bishop Heber, 8vo., 9s. 6d.
Father Butler, the Lough Dey Pilgrim, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Practical Comments on the New Testament, vol. 1., 10s. 6d.
Ellis's Historical Letters, 7 vols., 8vo., 4*l.* 4s.
McClure's Essay on the Reformation, 8vo., 8s.
Vindicia Ecclesiarum, or the Church and her Companions, 8vo., 6s.
Taylor's History of Wicford Rebellion, 12mo., 3s.
Common Law Commission as to Process, Arrest, and Bail, 4s. 6d.
The Protestant Companion, 12mo., 5s.
Exley on Natural Philosophy, 8vo., 14s.
Compton's Saving Bank Assistant, 12mo., 6s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	April.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
Mon.	6.51	44	28.84	S.W.	Showers	Cumulus.
Tues.	7.47	42	28.80	W.	Rain.	Ditto.
Wed.	8.45	41½	28.98	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thur.	9.40½	43	28.84	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid.	10.48	43	29.04	S.W.	Showers	Ditto.
Sat.	11.40	48	29.25	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Ditto Nimb.
Sun.	12.54	49	28.90	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings generally rainy.

Highest temperature at noon, 57°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conj. on the 7th, at 1 h. 45 m. A.M.
The Moon and Saturn ditto, on the 11th, at 2 h. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 12° 15' in Aries.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 15° 4' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto 27° 34' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 22° 15' in Aries.
Length of day on Sunday, 13 h. 36 min. Increased 6 h. 53 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 26" plus. Logarithm num. of distance, .001308.

The Seventh Number of
THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW
will be published on the 29th.
Soho-square, April 14.

The Second Volume of
THE AMERICAN ANNUAL REGISTER
is just imported by T. Ward, No. 64, High Holborn; one
thick volume, medium 8vo., price 21s. in boards.
A store of immense advantage to generations of future
writers.—*Athenæum*.
The first volume may also be had as above, price 18s. in bds.

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 8s. 6d.,
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MONTGOMERY'S OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY, Eighth
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Mrs. GOWDIN'S POEMS—'The Wanderer's Legacy,' &c.,
8s. 6d.
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PARED, 7s. 6d.
And, in the press, the third edition of
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No. 8, New Burlington-street.
On Saturday, the 25th of April, Mr. Colburn will have the
honour to publish the First Number of a new Weekly Paper,
to be called

THE COURT JOURNAL. The leading and
peculiar object of this Paper will be to supply what has
long been felt as a desideratum in the Higher Circles of the
British Metropolis. Its pages will furnish a mingled Record
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excepted,) which are calculated to interest that class of readers
who come within what is understood by 'The Court Circle.'
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'The Court Journal.' It will, in fact, embrace every feature
which favourably distinguishes the most approved Literary
Journals of the day. The Conductors deem it unnecessary to
put forth a formal Prospectus. Their work, when it appears,
will speak for itself; and it will do so in a manner which will
render it impossible for any one to mistake the nature of its
resources, and the class of patronage under which it is ushered
into the world; or to doubt that these are such as were never
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try, free of postage, 1s.

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the Clerks of the Roads.

Communications for the Editor may be addressed to the care
of Mr. Colburn.

No. 8, New Burlington-Street.
MR. COLBURN has just published the fol-
lowing INTERESTING NOVELS.—**MR. GRATTAN'S**
NEW WORK, entitled,
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HIS MAJESTY the EMPEROR of BRAZIL
having been graciously pleased to grant to Dr George
Such, a LICENSE to FORM a PUBLIC COMPANY for WORK-
ING MINES in the province of MINAS GERAES, one of the
conditions being, that native Brazilians should, if they wished
it, be admitted to a participation of the advantages conceded
under this license, and Dr. Such, in compliance with this con-
dition, having, by advertisements in the public journals at Rio
de Janeiro, required such Brazilians as might be desirous of
possessing an interest in the Company to apply at the office of
Messrs. Naylor, Brothers, and Co., in the said city, where
books were kept open for the purpose of receiving applications
during a period fully sufficient to fulfil the above condition;
and the said Dr. Such having also given notice, that native
Brazilians might, if they wished, apply for shares through their
authorised agents in London; now, this is to make known to
such agents as may be empowered to demand shares in the
names of their Brazilian principals, that they are to apply at
the office of Messrs. Loughnan and Son, at 53, Coleman-street,
on or before the 25th of this month, on which day the books
will be closed, and no subsequent applications for shares will
be received.
London, April 11, 1829.

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ing INTERESTING WORKS:

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Journal*.

SECOND VOLUME of the MEMOIRS of the WAR IN
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The Fourth Number of the UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL
and NAVAL and MILITARY MAGAZINE, for April.

The QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE,
and ART. No. 9, Edited at the Royal Institution, by W. T.
BRANDE, Esq.

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RATURE, and WEEKLY REGISTER of the LONDON
MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, Part I, price 2s., published this
day, contains the following amongst other interesting articles:
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cation of Animal Power to the Locomotion of Carriages.—
Mr. Hemming's Lecture on Pneumatics.—Essays on the Study
of Mechanical Philosophy.—Progress of the Sciences, and pos-
sibility of their early communication to Youth.—Magnetising
Power of the more Refrangible Rays.—Relation between Colour
and Conformation of Bodies.—Electric Phenomena in vacuo—
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larization of Light.—The Menageries.—Travels in Guatemala—
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Numbers, price Sixpence. C. Wood and Son, Poppin's Court,
Fleet-street.

Part II. will appear on Saturday, May 9, embellished with a
beautiful Copper-plate Engraving of the New London Bridge,
from a Drawing by J. Rennie, Esq.

'This Publication is one of the signs of the times. The sub-
jects of which it treats, and the respectable tone and manner
which it assumes, render it fit and instructive reading for all
ranks. If such works as this become popular, and form a
substitute for the trash addressed to the working classes of
society, by the weekly press in general, it will indeed afford a
striking evidence of the improving moral state of the popu-
lation.'—*Athenæum*, April 8.

ALMACK'S ROOMS.—**MR. BUCKINGHAM**

has the honour to announce, that he will deliver his
COURSE of LECTURES on the PAST and PRESENT STATE
of the EASTERN WORLD, in the Great Room at ALMACK'S,
King-street, St. James's-square, commencing on MONDAY
the 10th of April, at Two o'clock precisely, and continuing
the same throughout the remainder of the week, at the same
hour.

The following will be the order of the Countries described:
Monday—Egypt, the Nile, and its splendid Antiquities.
Tuesday—Arabia, its Desert Tribes, & their singular Manners.
Wednesday—The Holy Land, and its Scriptural Illustrations.
Thursday—Mesopotamia, Babylonia, Persia, & their Remains.
Friday—India, its Inhabitants and Institutions.
Saturday—Commercial Resources of the Eastern World.

It should be observed, that these Lectures are not mere read-
ings of any Manuscript Papers, or even Notes, but are rather
EXTENSIVE SPEECHES, descriptive of the several coun-
tries named, classified in such a manner as to be perfectly in-
telligible to those who have never before given their attention
to the subject. They have been found, therefore, wherever they
have yet been delivered, to be as agreeable to ladies and their
families as to gentlemen; and audiences of great numbers, and
of the highest rank of society, have attended them, and ex-
pressed their most unequivocal and unanimous approbation.

Admission, any Single Lecture, Five Shillings.—Tickets
for the whole Course of Six Lectures, a Guinea: to be had at
Almack's Rooms, King-street, St. James's; at Mr. Effingham
Wilson's, Royal Exchange, City; at Messrs. Sharpleys, 33, Old
Bond Street; at Mr. W. H. Smith's, (next door to the Crown
and Anchor Tavern,) 192, Strand; and at the office of 'The
Oriental Herald,' 4, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge.—
Books, containing the Heads of all the Lectures, with a Sketch
of Mr. Buckingham's Life, Travels, and Writings, to be had
of all Booksellers, price One Shilling. It is strongly recom-
mended that this Sketch should be perused before the Lectures
are commenced.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.—Its soothing,
cooling, and ameliorative properties immediately allay
the smarting irritability of the skin—assuage inflammation—
heal harsh and rough skin—remove cutaneous eruptions, and
produce a Beautiful Complexion—affords soothing relief to
ladies nursing their offspring; and to gentlemen after shaving,
it always soothing the pain, and renders the skin smooth and
pleasing, 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.—Each
genuine bottle has the Name and Address engraved on the
government stamp, which is pasted on the bottle—
A. Rowland and Son, 20, Hatton-Garden.

SPITALFIELDS DISTRESS.—GUILDHALL.
THE Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and
Corporation of the City of London having granted the
use of Guildhall, on Saturday morning, the 2d of May next,
Handel's SACRED ORATORIO of the MESSIAH, with the
additional Accompaniments by Mozart, will be performed for
the Benefit of the SPITALFIELDS WEAVERS. The Perform-
ance, under the direction of Sir George Smart, will be on the
same grand scale as the last Concert at Guildhall.

The Doors to be opened at half-past Ten, and the Perform-
ances will commence at Twelve.

Single Tickets, 12s. each (or three Tickets taken at one
time, 2l.) to be had at the Mansion-house; of the Secretary,
Mr. R. Brutton, No. 37, New Broad-street, City; at Seguin's
Library, No. 12, Regent-street; the principal Music Shops;
and at the Hall-keeper's Office, Guildhall.

By Order of the Lord Mayor and Committee of Manage-
ment. ROBERT BRUTTON, Secretary.
No. 37, New Broad-street, City, April 11, 1829.

GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION;—for-
merly called General South American Mining Asso-
ciation.

Notice is hereby given, that the Deed of this Association,
prepared and approved by the Directors agreeably to the stipu-
lations of the Prospectus, is now ready, and lies for Signature,
at the Office of the Association, No. 10, Ludgate Hill.

The Agents of absent Shareholders may obtain, by appli-
cation, at the Office of the Association, printed forms of in-
struments acceding to the Deed, which will have to be sent to
such absent Shareholders for their signature.

Notice is also hereby given, that before any parties can be
admitted to sign the Deed, and register their Shares, the scrip
receipts of which they are holders must be left by them at the
Office of the Association for four days, for the purpose of their
being examined. Each individual receipt so left, to bear the
signature and address of its owner.

G. V. DUVAL, Secretary.
General Mining Association, 10, Ludgate Hill,
10th April, 1829.

EAST INDIA MONOPOLY.

WE the undersigned Bankers, Merchants,
Manufacturers, and Wool-staplers of Leeds, in the
West Riding of the county of York, agree to form a Committee
to inquire into the Bearings of the Charter of the Honourable
the East India Company upon their trade, and to act in con-
junction with the Merchants of the other Manufacturing, Com-
mercial, and Maritime districts of the kingdom, in endea-
vouring to obtain such alterations in the said Charter as the
circumstances of the country may require, when the subject
shall again be brought before Parliament.

B. Gott and Sons	Joseph Bateson
J. Brown and Co.	Beckett, Hays, and Co.
Aldam, Pease, Birchall and	W. W. Brown and Co.
Co.	Perfects and Smith
Hirst, Bramley and Co.	J. Wilkinson and Co.
Hirst and Heycock	J. P. Smith
Clapham, Brothers	Bywater, Charlesworth, and
Marshall and Co.	Co.
Tetley, Tatham, and Walker	Benj. Goodman and Sons
T. Charlesworth	John Peel Clapham
J. Clapham, Junr.	G. W. Bischoff
Peter Williams	T. Bischoff, Junr.
Darnton Lupton	G. Rosson
Bruce, Dorrington, & Walker	T. Prince
Wilson, Stow and Co.	K. Driver
T. Shaan	J. Horsfall
J. H. Hebblethwaite	J. Cudworth
S. P. Birchall	B. Chapman
Stampots, Brothers, and Co.	J. Nussey
Bruce and Ritchie	Alfred Birchall, and Co.

CONDITIONALLY INTENDED VOYAGE.

To Parents and Guardians.—Captain T. LYNX, late of
the Honourable East India Company's Service, and now hold-
ing the appointment of Joint Astronomical Examiner of Junior
Officers of that Service, having obtained permission of the
Honourable Court of Directors, proposes to fit out and to
command a suitable ship for the purpose of receiving on
board a limited number of Young Gentlemen as Pupils, to be
INSTRUCTED in PRACTICAL NAVIGATION, NAUTICAL
ASTRONOMY, and SEAMANSHIP.

The Voyage will occupy about six months, to sail as early
in the month of May next as is practicable, and to return
about the time of the coming afloat of the first of the regular
ships in the service of the Honourable East India Company of
the ensuing season. Officers of high respectability and known
nautical skill will be selected to assist in the desired object.
A Surgeon, who has been regularly educated as such, will
form a part of the crew.

Terms, One Hundred Guinea for each Pupil, including
mess expenses at the Captain's table. One-half of the money
to be paid down upon making the agreement, the other half
previously to the embarkation of the Pupil. In the event of
not obtaining a sufficient number of Gentlemen to enable the
Advertiser to prosecute the Voyage, the deposit-money will be
duly returned on or before the 10th of June, 1829.

As the entire attention of the Commander and Officers will
be devoted to the instruction of the Pupil, it is presumed that
their improvement will be proportionate, and that the system
will afford the Students an opportunity of acquiring more in-
formation in the course of six months than it is possible for
them to acquire in triple the time in the capacity of a junior
officer, or midshipman, since their time in those capacities is
necessarily so fully occupied in other duties, as to preclude the
more valuable ones for their future welfare, namely, Navigation
and Nautical Astronomy.

N.B.—The most respectable references will be required as to
the character of the Pupils, also their personal application, at
the Office of the Advertiser, 148, Leadenhall-street, where
further particulars may be learned; if by letter, post-paid.
Early application is indispensable.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning,
by WILLIAM LEWIS, at the Office, No. 4, Wellington-street,
Strand.